UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA

SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON, POET AND ANTIQUARIAN

ARTHUR DEERING

A THESIS

IN ENGLISH

PRESENTED TO THE FACULTY OF THE GRADUATE SCHOOL IN
PARTIAL FULFILLMENT OF THE REQUIREMENTS FOR
THE DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY

PHILADELPHIA
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INTRODUCTION

Sir Samuel Ferguson, poet, critic, and antiquarian, was born March 10, 1810; he died August 9, 1886. The purpose of my investigation is to set this Irish gentleman, this Irish scholar, before you in such a way as will permit you a full vision of his work. Much has been said about him; much written. The years immediately following his death brought forth many tributes to his skill, his industry, and his inspiration. He was then looked upon as the father of the Celtic Renaissance. Of late years, however, his memory has quietly drifted into oblivion.

My intent is to evaluate the man's work for what it is. In order to arrive at this valuation I am going to follow this plan: First, I will place this man in his family and the domestic life of his time, his country, and his vocation. Secondly, I will place him in political Ireland of the 19th Century. Thirdly, I will set forth a brief review of Anglo-Irish literature up to the time Ferguson began to write. Fourthly, I will consider Ferguson's work in the chronological order of its publication, and make such comments as I think necessary to illustrate the development of his literary style. Fifthly, I will present a critical opinion of the man's writing. In a conclusion I will set down my findings. Beyond this phase of my problem, I will add an appendix showing what well known critics and the leading figures of the Irish Renaissance had to say about Ferguson. I will add a second appendix to show the interest Ferguson had for the anthologists. This then will complete my paper.

I cannot call the work completed, however, until I have expressed my appreciation for the scholarly interest and friendly help of Dr. Cornelius Weygandt of the University of Pennsylvania; and of the inspiration of Dr. Joseph Dunn, of the Catholic University of America, at whose suggestion I undertook this study. I am further under obligation to the library force of the University of Pennsylvania. Without the excellent facilities offered by the library itself, and the willing service rendered by the librarians in all departments, this work could not have materialized.

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I

For more than two years, now, my nights and days have been concerned with the Fergusons of Donegore. My particular interest in the late Sir Samuel Ferguson has led me to hail with delight the family name wherever I came across it. So familiar am I with the facts and fallacies concerning the family that in presenting you with an outline of Sir Samuel's life I am very apt to take it for granted that you know as much about these facts as I do. Luckily for me, the facts are few. Still more fortunate am I in dealing with a man whose life ran smoothly along the even tenor of the way of most flesh. He was born, he suffered his share, he died. No complications which might be called startling or confusing entered his life to burst upon me and demand explanation. I am free to set down what I have to say without fear of contradiction, for the history of the Fergusons is as an open book, and the life of Sir Samuel, an example of Christian piety and family devotion.

"The Fergusons believed themselves to belong to one of the oldest of the Highland Clans, 'Mhic Fhearghuis' of Athol.[1] Celtic pedigrees offer dangerous fields for investigation, they usually go back to Noah and the Flood. One must accept a lot of Irish and Scotch genealogy on faith. We do know, however, that the immediate progenitors of the Fergusons migrated from the Southwest part of Scotland. The first of these Fergusons came over as officers in the Scottish army which served under Cromwell.[2] The particular branch of the family, the line from which Sir Samuel descended, settled at Thrushfield, in the Parish of Donegore. Sir Samuel's paternal grandfather, Samuel Ferguson, lived at Standing Stone, near the town of Antrim, in the County Antrim. The Ferguson property lay in the little valley of the Six-mile Water, a small stream which empties into Loch Neagh. In this neighborhood there still stands one of the earliest of the Irish Round Towers. Just a bit removed are the

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[1] Sir Samuel Ferguson in the *Ireland of His Day*, Lady Ferguson, London, 1894, p. 3, Vol. 1.

[2] *Ibid.*, Vol. 1, p. 3.

remains of the royal fort of Rathmore. Beyond this lies the moat of Donegore. The earthworks of this moat afford extensive views over a fair undulating country, through expanses of water, to a boundary of distant mountains. One of these mountains is Slemish which rises wedge-like close by the Hills of Connor.

The Fergusons and their neighbors, the Agnews, the Adairs, the Gililans, and the Shaws, were alien to this valley. They were, in fact, invaders sent out and planted by a king inimical to the associations of the countryside. To them, the land offered an opportunity to dig into its soil and earn a living. They were thrifty. To one of their descendents the land offered an opportunity to dig in to its past and dream. He was wise.

Samuel Ferguson, the paternal grandfather, left a good estate to his daughter and his six sons. One of these sons, John, married Agnes Knox and moved off into Belfast where he attempted to live the life of an Irish gentleman and, at the same time, raise a family. In both efforts he failed. He soon dissipated the little fortune, and, subsequently, left the family to shift for itself.

There were six children born to John Ferguson and Agnes Knox. Three were girls; three, boys. The girls married young and, save for the fact that all three wrote some prose and verse,[3] may be permitted to drop out of the picture. I want to call attention to that statement which Lady Ferguson makes about these three girls for it gives us a suggestion as whence came Sir Samuel's leaning to Letters. His love of literature came, not from the Fergusons, but from the Knoxes. Agnes Knox's father was, after a manner of speaking, a scientist. He had contributed papers to the *Transactions of the Royal Irish Society* He was an astronomer of sorts. His daughter, Sir Samuel's mother, had imbibed some of that lure of the far-off stars. She steeped her children in the best literature of the day: in Milton, Burns, and Scott, in Byron, Keats, and Shelley. She stamped them with the imprint of romance. One of the children, the oldest son, William, lived out his life in the far places, in the Andes, and from Venezuela to Peru. A compatriot of Bolivar, William

[3] *Ibid.*, Vol. 1, p. 4.

Ferguson fought the Liberator's battles. With a handful of men and a head full of strategy, Colonel Ferguson swept away a revolt led by General Paez. He was active in the warfare that centered around Barquisimeto, Miqua, Araure, and the Venezuelean town of San Felipe. The Colonel was but twenty-eight when he marched into what is now the United States of Colombia to the aid of Bolivar, and there, before the capital city, he lost his life. He is buried in the Cathedral of Sante Fe de Bogota.

John Ferguson, the second son, became, at William's death, the head of the family. He married early in life and accumulated some seven children. He lived an honorable existence and died in the County Antrim. Neither the brothers nor the sisters of Samuel had any influence on his life. The childhood of the man I am to deal with was spent close to his mother's side. Save for his two cousins, Alicia and Hessy Gunning, he knew but little of youthful playmates. His close associations with his mother led him to turn his mind toward serious things early in life. He received his first formal education from the Old Belfast Academy. He prepared for college at the Belfast Academical Institution. He entered Trinity College, Dublin, but he was never graduated from that school. The young lad, thrown on his own resources, had to support himself. This, he set out to do with his pen. All the time he was studying for the legal profession he was contributing to *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.* In 1832 he was fortunate enough, while on a visit to Scotland, to meet Christopher North and many of the men who were then the famous critics of that publication. Introductions given to him by these men made Ferguson known in the literary and artistic clubs of London.

There was nothing antagonistic about young Ferguson and one may well imagine that he slipped quietly into the circle, saying little, hearing much, and aptly choosing the correct feet at which to lay his adulations. Ferguson was cautious and conservative from the cradle to the grave.

When, in 1838, Ferguson was called to the bar, he turned his full attention to the law. It was only the odd moment that he gave to poetry, only the vacation days that he gave to literature and to his scientific pursuits. But no real man should divorce

himself from his times; and Ferguson, with all his Galway whiskers, was a genuine product of his day. The time was ripe for him who had dreamed amid the moats and the round towers of Donegore to move to action. Ferguson, the student, had watched the results of English misrule in Ireland. Ferguson, the man of laws, was to become intimately connected with the victims of that misrule. From 1838 to 1848 Ireland was fighting for its decency and self-respect. They were lean and hungry years; famine years, in fact, and Ferguson turned from the distress of the law courts to satisfy his soul at the fount of the inspiration of these starving "rebels". When Sir Samuel turned to Gaelic literature a new era was about to dawn.

In 1846 young Ferguson broke down under the strain of his taxing work. He toured the Continent for his health. On this holiday he became deeply interested in the study of archaeology. He returned to Dublin prepared to devote his efforts to a close scrutiny of Irish Antiquities. Then one of those events occurred which happens to the majority of men and from which neither poets nor geniuses are immune.

In the latter part of 1846 Ferguson met Mary Catherine Guinness, the eldest daughter of Robert Rundell Guinness of Stillorgan. In the months that followed their friendship mellowed into love. Although the Guinnesses were the wealthy brewers of Dublin, although the family was well connected and established, although Mary Catherine had an exceptional education and was a brilliant conversationalist in the drawing room period of conversationalists, Sir Samuel moved slowly. It was not until 1848 that the two were married. They settled permanently at 20, North Great George Street, Dublin. It will ever remain a credit to Ferguson that he maintained an establishment in keeping with his own means. He did not for one moment, as far as I can discover, resort to his in-laws for financial help. At their Great George Street house the Fergusons maintained a salon toward which representative Irishmen of all parties and all professions gravitated. Sir Samuel became the centre around which all that was of interest in literature and art remotely connected with Irish affairs revolved. How he directed events, how he discouraged movements, how he worked on in his quiet way will be discussed in another part of this paper.

In 1859 Ferguson was called to the inner bar. In this position he augmented the reputation for honesty and integrity and scrupulous regard for meticulous detail that he had won out on the Northeast Circuit. In 1867 he retired from the legal profession to become the first Deputy Keeper of the Records of Ireland.

This new position demanded the ability of an organizer. Sir Samuel gave generously of his time and skill. He was full of personal interest in the work and personal regard for the workers. He took infinite pains with all the mechanical arrangements necessary for the plant. The efficiency of that office today stands as a monument to Ferguson's efforts. I want to call particular attention to this for we shall expect of him a like regard toward his scientific investigations. That he does not always satisfy the scholars of our day is due to the superficiality of his times rather than to any lack of inherent training on his part. The man was fundamentally honest.

In 1865 Trinity College, Dublin, conferred on him (honoris causa) the LL.D. degree. In 1874 he was admitted to honorary membership of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, a society limited to twenty-five members. In 1878 Ferguson received the honor of knighthood. In 1881 he was elected President of the Royal Irish Academy, of which he had been a member for the previous forty-five years. Thus his life proceeded along the happy paths that lead to social success and social recognition. He was one of the most respected citizens of the British Empire. A man of clear ideals, he maintained these ideals with a progressive consistency throughout his life.

His family, once alien to the land, became truly Irish in spirit. All the Fergusons held stoutly to their philosophy and to their religion. Sir Samuel was no exception. While he often stated his repugnance to certain dogmas which he considered not essential to Christianity, yet, in private life, he ever bore generously with those who held to such dogmas. Sir Samuel found expression for his religious belief in the Church of England, yet his sympathies were often ranged on the side of those who loved Ireland whether they were Calvinist, Quaker, or Catholic. He numbered among his friends the leaders of all classes. He was the friend to the lowly of all creeds.

Ferguson was a Victorian to his finger tips. By that I mean that he was dominated by a certain smugness in his respect for constituted authority. I mean, too, that his life was guided by platitudes and patness, that he accepted, without question, established standards both in his philosophy and in his art. He was a lover of the niceties of life, a reverer of the household gods. Above all, he was sincere. His attitude toward his friends and his work was a continual outwelling of unselfish, deep, and fervent love. He was a tremendous worker. The output of his pen is most impressive when we consider that literature was to him but an avocation. He was genial with it all, in spite of a constitution none too sturdy. In disposition, his was a convivial soul, yet most temperate. I can close my eyes and see him sitting in his favorite chair, rolling a small glass of brandy in his hands until the liquor is as warm as his genial heart. He drank but little, and then only in the bosom of his friends where he felt that the lifted glass was but another symbol in the sacred ritual of friendship.

Early in April 1886 he left the Record Office for the last time. During the summer of that year his life ebbed slowly away. He died August 9, 1886. He is buried in the churchyard of Donegore. His grave is at the base of the Moat, the Rath, that was the royal fort of Irish Kings.

II

In the previous chapter I have given just enough of Ferguson's life to locate him in relation to his time, his country, and his vocation. The man was, in his day, a figure in the public eye. So much of his literary work is connected with political Ireland that I feel it is advisable to give here a brief outline of the history of Ireland during the first three-quarters of the 19th Century. Compression is, of course, necessary in a paper of this kind.

From 1801 to 1886 Irish political thought was concerned with four major themes: The Union; The Catholic Emancipation; The Famine; and The Repeal of the Union. The whole nation, one way or another, was affected by the bitterness injected into the Commonweal by these momentous questions. Perhaps we may obtain an insight into the character of Sir Samuel by observing his reactions to the events of his passing years.

The Union of the Parliaments of Great Britain and Ireland became an established fact in 1801. The machinations employed that led to this Union are beside the purport of my subject. Suffice it to say that promises were made to all parties. The twenty-five years following the Union was a period of baffled hopes. One of these promises was that after the Union certain political disabilities would be removed from Catholics. The king, George III, would not consent to Catholic Emancipation because he held that such an act would violate his coronation oath. Pitt, his minister, backed him. The Irish, in dire need of a leader after Grattan's death, turned to Daniel O'Connell. From 1810 to 1829, O'Connell fought a constant political battle over this point. In the end he won, only, however, after a most unlooked for agency had come to the aid of the Irish cause. Parliamentary England had remained adamant before the impassioned pleading of Grattan and the acknowledged political skill of O'Connell, but literary England was beginning to melt before the Irish melodies of Tom Moore. This is important to know, for it gave the hint to Ferguson, as to the way he might serve his country.

From 1830 to 1843 agitation for Repeal set in in earnest.

Since 1810 the malcontents on either side had joined for the one purpose of the Repeal. Bad administration and worse legislation had fed the discontent in Ireland. In 1843, O'Connell threw his whole power on the side of Repeal. He was arrested on a charge of treason, convicted, but later released. It seems that his tactics were too peaceful for the growing generation. He was deserted by the Young Irelanders. These new forces of freedom sought expression in a newspaper called *The Nation*, which was founded by Gavan Duffy, John Blake Dillon, and Thomas Davis in 1842. This new organization infused life, not only into Irish politics, but also, into Irish literature, history, music, and lore of all kinds. O'Connell passed from the field of action in 1847, his last years saddened by the greatest tragedy Ireland suffered during the 19th Century.

In 1845 and 1846 the potato crop failed. In 1846 and 1847 the people died by the hundreds of thousands from famine and fever. In those years, Ireland raised enough grain to feed all amply, but the English administration permitted the shipping of that grain harvest for export to England, by the absentee landlords. In the course of the following ten years Ireland lost 2,500,000 people by death and emigration.

The movement for Repeal carried on. O'Connell's organization which held to its creed that "no political cause would justify bloodshed," gave way to the Young Irelanders. Duffy, Dillon, and Davis were regarded as the fathers of the movement. With the men of this triumvirate we find that Ferguson was closely associated with Davis only. With the movement, he had nothing in common.

William Smith O'Brien and John Mitchell soon came on the field. Mitchell had deserted *The Nation* and started a new paper, *The United Irishman*. For neither of these publications did Ferguson write. A rebellion in 1848 headed by Mitchell and O'Brien eventually removed these two men from Irish activities. Out of this failure rose the Fenian organization with one James Stephens as the leader. In 1867 the Fenians exploded and in the wake of this explosion came Charles Stewart Parnell to restore some of the parliamentary prestige of the days of O'Connell. Parnell rose to great heights in the struggle for independence.

He had by his energy and his argument convinced Gladstone of the necessity of Home Rule. In 1882 his plans received a setback through the murders in Phoenix Park. The people by and large knew exactly where to put the blame for that outrage. Parnell was secure and it must be a strange mind indeed that could despair of Ireland because of the work of a gang of desperadoes.

Since Ferguson died in 1886, I will leave the history there. I want to trace against this background the reactions of Sir Samuel to the events outlined.

Ferguson's attitude toward the Union offers us an opportunity of looking into the element of fairness in his character. He was born a West Briton, a conservative. He was educated to a love of the Empire. He was trained to regard the British Government as the bulwark of the cause of man. Of the greatness of England he had built an ideal. Yet, as he grew older, there developed in him a certain filial love for Ireland. It is to his everlasting credit that, as the years went on, and his ideal broke up, he attempted with his own hands and his own courage to replace the clay feet of his idol with more substantial materials. He was in no sense a party man as we have come to know the term. While he was by birth and instinct a Tory, he was, at the same time, the peaceful enemy of projectors and centralizers who thwarted Ireland's domestic development and growth of refinement. In 1848 he joined the Protestant Repeal Association. In May of the same year he was fearless enough to take a stand against the social and political coercion of his countrymen by the minions of the Empire. In a speech denouncing the Union which he formerly cherished he acknowledged the error of his early convictions.[1] In this speech he supported a resolution for a domestic legislature. He denied the fact that Ireland was a colony of Great Britain. He asserted the rights of Ireland as an ancient kingdom, an aristocratic people, and a national entity. Always did he emphasize the aristocratic element and the sense of refinement.

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[1] *Sir Samuel Ferguson in the Ireland of His Day*, Lady Ferguson, Vol. 1, p. 248.

Of Ferguson's attitude toward the Catholic Emancipation I can find no record other than that which cropped out in his writings during the subsequent years. Of course, the man was but nineteen when the bill was passed, but there was a trailing aftermath to the settling of that bill. It is quite likely that he regarded the action of Parliament as final. Yet, to me, it is strange that a measure which meant freedom and education to so many of his countrymen should have received no definite attention from his pen. Of O'Connell, the Great Liberator, he has expressed himself but faintly. In looking at these early years of his life, I wonder just how compromising Ferguson's patriotism really was.

One of the greatest tragedies that Ireland has experienced was the famine. This economic cataclysm left the whole country stunned. The world showered its compassion on the starving multitudes. A contemplation of the suffering of that period could easily drive one to the extremes of sentiment or anarchy. I have no desire to permit such emotions to dominate this paper. Call it, if you will, an act of Providence that brought untold misery to millions of people. Remember, though, that allying itself to this act, a stupid government harrowed the physical agony and the mental anguish of the afflicted. Ferguson toured through the famine-stricken land in 1849. He was touched by the evidence that met his eyes on every side. He was reminded of the journalistic comments made on the frightful conditions a year earlier. But was his poetic soul moved by the suffering? Should a poet's soul be moved by such a calamity? Ferguson has been called the National Poet, yet not once did he burst into indignant expression or sympathetic language. This man who could write his greatest lyric on the death of his friend; who could write his finest sonnet on his disappointment over the Royal Irish Academy's refusal to admit one Isaac Butt to membership; this man was peculiarly silent over the hunger of his people, save in the form of a mild satire suggestive of Juvenal. I say peculiarly silent. Back in Dublin, at the same time, there was a move on foot to centralize all power in London, the Church and the Law included. Masterfully did Ferguson protest this outrage. He felt that had there been representative men in

council to listen, the added misery already attributed to the English Parliament might have been averted. He was determined, by all constitutional methods, to resist the further progress of centralization. By all Constitutional methods!

In May, 1849, in *The Dublin University Magazine*, he published his poem, *Inheritor and Economist*, an extract from which will show you how deeply the man was touched through these famine years.

Such was the land's and such the ruler's plight,
When heaven at length, in anger, sent the blight.
With silent swiftness, in a mildew blast,
O'er Erin, in one night, the mischief passed:
Where eve had sunk in shining emerald track,
Morn showed the green potato-ridges black;
And all the air, as with a sick man's breath,
Stunk o'er a waste of vegetable death.
Oh, God of Heaven! it was a dreadful sight,
To see the mighty multitude's affright,
Who'd gone to rest, secure of food, when dawn
Showed, at a glance, their year's subsistence gone.

* * *

Deem not, O generous English hearts, who gave
Your noble aid our sinking isle to save,
This breast, though heated in its country's feud,
Owns ought towards you but perfect gratitude.
For every dish retrenched from homely boards,
For every guinea drawn from prudent hoards,
For every feast deferred, and jewels sold,
May God increase your stores a hundred-fold;
Grant to you health and wealth, and love's increase;
Here, and hereafter, Christ's eternal peace;
Long keep your realm from discord unembroiled,
Your arms triumphant, and your flag unsoiled!
But, frankly while we thank you all who sent
Your alms, so thank we not your Parliament,
Who, what they gave, from treasures of our own
Gave, if you call it giving, this half-loan,
Half-gift from the recipients to themselves;
Our own as well as yours: our Irish brows

Had sweated for them; though your Common's House,
Forgetting your four hundred millions debt,
When first in partnership our nations met,
Against our twenty-four (you then twofold
The poorer people), call them British gold.
No; for these drafts on our united banks
We owe no gratitude, and give no thanks,
More than you'd give to us, if Dorsetshire
Or York a like assistance should require;
Or than you gave us, when, to compensate
Your slave-owners, you charged our common state
Twice the amount: no, but we rather give
Our curses, and will give them while we live,
To that pernicious blind conceit, and pride,
Wherewith the aids we asked, you misapplied.

Reading this poem for the hundredth time, I can never bring myself to feel that Ferguson was the poet of the Irish people. All this will find its application when I come to criticize the spirit of his Irish Verse.

The question of the Repeal of the Union was initiated shortly after the Union was formed in 1801. The movement, however, did not assume any headway until 1842 when *The Nation* was founded. The Repealers or the Nationalists had then, for the first time, a representative organ. Because of its great influence on Irish letters, a word about *The Nation* will not be out of place.

Gavan Duffy was a man who took a leading part in all Irish political movements. John Blake Dillon was a lawyer with a large practice in Dublin. Thomas Davis was a poet, a writer of ballads. These three men joined in a journalistic enterprise. The literary gifts of these men in time won them the admiration of their enemies. The paper itself grew to be the expression in prose and verse of the country's yearning for political emancipation, and for the revival of a native literature. The paper went into every Irish home wherein National sentiment breathed. It offered an opportunity for self-expression on the part of the rising young men. At first it was strictly constitutional. Later it drifted toward radicalism. The poetry it published, while not of a particularly high class, nevertheless, formed the founda-

tion of the poetic literature of Ireland in the Nineteenth Century. Furthermore, it gave articulation to the voiceless. The authors could hardly be called poets; most of them were unaware of the possession of any poetical faculty. They resorted to verse as a matter of course, and of duty. Hence we find the columns of the paper filled with rubbish. The earlier work was imitative, copied from Scott and Macaulay. The language of the best of the ballads is of that period in which the people still thought in Irish and expressed themselves in broken English. The whole work is marked with the racy epithets, endearments, and shibboleths of the native speech. Many of the ballads are written in the long rolling meter rich with picturesque nomenclature and rhetorical contrasts. The critics on this paper were the first to grow indignant at the English conception of the stage Irishman. The editors resented the fact that Irishmen were represented only as light, frivolous, and devoted to levity. The work of *The Nation* inspired Irishmen all over the world with the nationalizing spirit. In America today most of the descendants of the Irish exiles know Ireland only through the medium of the writings of this journal. Because of *The Nation* the world was no longer able to ignore the Irishman's passion for self-determination. The party this magazine represented of course failed in fulfilling its promises at home, yet its influence abroad justified its existence. The famine and the subsequent emigration removed the forceful leaders from the scene and by 1865 the whole movement had degenerated into rabid violence. But, be it remembered, that before the movement had fallen from repute, the paper was successful in attracting to it some of the finest minds of the time. In addition to Duffy, Dillon, and Davis, James Clarence Mangan contributed; as also did Thomas Darcy McGee. The work of these men merited applause.

Now I want to present Ferguson's reaction to *The Nation*. Sir Samuel had but a casual acquaintance with Duffy. He must have known Dillon through their mutual interests in law in Dublin, though he has left no evidences of a close friendship. With Davis, however, it was different. There was a real friendship, a comradeship, existing between these two men. They had much in common. Ferguson was heart and soul in sympathy

with the artistic life of the young poet. If any man could have pulled Ferguson into the political whirlpool it was Davis. The fact that Ferguson never took a responsible part in the nationalistic movement may be attributed to the early death of Davis. The passing of this young man, this genuine friend, called forth one of the few great poetic efforts Ferguson ever made, *The Lament for Thomas Davis*. This poem, which is the most Celtic in structure and spirit that ever Ferguson produced, he wrote while he himself was lying on a bed of sickness. When Davis died, Ferguson's contact with nationalism died. That Ferguson was only lukewarm to the spirit of *The Nation* appears in the following poem: (1845)

To the Gentlemen of the *Nation* Newspaper,
on their being censured for the want of sectarian zeal.

Brave youths, though much I prize the Union Act,
And warm resent some marchings for Repeal
Which I deem menaces, no less I feel
How loving-brave, with manly minds erect,
Ye toil to give the people self-respect;
And therefore now, when in frantic zeal
Bigots assail you, that the stake and wheel
Ye love not, I would cheer you so attacked.
Discussion follows freedom: difference
Of thought is Thought's prerogative: let none,
Even hating Discord, wish Opinion hence:
But let him who would see all hates undone,
And Erin's day of happier note begun,
With you teach national self-confidence.

Ferguson's interest in the whole affair was more of a hope that Dublin would eventually become, through the work of these young poets, a bigger and better Edinburgh.[2] Writing some thirty years later Ferguson reveals more of his peculiar interest in the Nationalistic Movement.

Here (in Young Ireland) was the spark destined to kindle the souls of these fiery young men who thought to guide the destinies of Ireland by making her

[2] *Memoirs of Thomas Davis*, Charles Gavan Duffy.

ballads. Davis, Duffy, Mangan, and MacCarthy, and later on Thomas Darcy M'Gee, the greatest poet of them all, burst into song, and while I followed up the endeavour to elevate the romance of Irish history into the realm of legitimate history in the "Hibernian Nights' Entertainments" in the *University* awoke the whole country to high and noble aspirations through their fine enthusiasm in the *Spirit of the Nation*. I did not at that time sympathize in their political views, but applied myself steadily to the prosecution of my original design to keep the Irish subject up to a higher standard, and to discountenance that helotism which has so often vulgarized the efforts of Irish writers, seeking to gain the ephemeral applause of the magazines and the newspapers of the metropolis.[3]

Note the spirit that manifested itself in his aims: he would keep the standard high; he would discountenance that helotism which had so often vulgarized the efforts of the Irish writers.

In 1885, when he had moved closer to the Vice Regal Lodge, he again expressed his opinions on Young Ireland's poets and patriots.

I sympathized with the Young Ireland poets and patriots while their aims were directed to a restoration of Grattan's Parliament in which all the estates of the realm should have their old places. But I have ceased to sympathize with their successors who have converted their high aspirations to a sordid social war of classes carried on by the vilest methods. I was comrade in that sense of Davis, and possibly, but with far less sympathy, of some of his companions. But it was in sympathy only. I never wrote in the *Nation*. To say that I have upborne their banner, therefore, is more than I would like to vouch.[4]

If you will recall my sketch of Ferguson's life, you will, perhaps, remember that his legal activities and his scientific investigations had brought him into a position of honor and respect. As he grew older, the old conservative training dominated him. Ferguson was always willing to argue for an ideal but he was never ready to fight for one. In 1882 he wrote *The Curse of the Joyces*, a scathing attack on the deeds of those who could no longer endure. In the same year he denounced the affair at Phoenix Park as though all Ireland were to blame. In 1886 he

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[3] *Sir Samuel Ferguson in the Ireland of His Day*, Lady Ferguson, Vol. 1, p. 138.

[4] *Ibid.*, p. 254.

wrote *In Carey's Footsteps*, an eclogue in which he lamented the drift of national business. Apparently Ferguson had no power to feel his country's humiliation. He knew nothing whatever of the sharper pang of personal suffering. He could not understand a people who loved, beyond all else, national pride. He preferred to watch and pray, to hope and trust in the great English Constitution.

All of this is of interest in studying the man's work. He sought to catch the spirit of pagan Ireland. It is my belief that he was emotionally and philosophically unable to accomplish this.

III

I have shown you something of Ferguson's life. Something, too, of his reaction to the political problems of his day. Now, I want to tell you something of the conditions of Anglo-Irish literature up to the time Sir Samuel began to write.

Until Spenser's *View of the Present State of Ireland*, all literature written in Ireland, save a few isolated manuscripts and Hanmer's *Chronicles*, was written in Irish or Latin. The Seventeenth Century was a Golden Age in Ireland. Stanihurst, Keating, MacFirbis, O'Mulchrony, O'Sullevan Bearr, Ussher, Ward, Colgan, O'Clery, Ware, Lynch, and Luke Wadding all wrote in Irish or Latin. Stanihurst did later translate his work into English. Count Hamilton wrote in French. It was Molyneux who was the first to write exclusively in English. Then, shortly after, followed Wentworth, Dillon, Denham, and Flecknoe. Tate and Brady were the first to write Protestant Hymns in English. Southern was a dramatist, the first of his quality. Farquar, Steele and Congreve, names familiar to all of us, were only born in Ireland. Their work shows no Irish influence.

Swift was really the first to color English literature with the Irish tone. I like to think that the most Irish thing the Dean ever said was his answer to the charge of being an Irishman: "Just because a man was born in a stable you wouldn't call him a horse, would you?" Several of Swift's poems are merely translations direct from the Irish. As an example, I offer, *O'Rourk's Feast.*

The men I have mentioned from Molyneaux on are distinctly exponents of Protestant Nationalism. No stretch of the imagination, on the other hand, can place the writing of Laurence Sterne in the Anglo-Irish field, even though Sterne was born and educated in Ireland. The same may be said of the work of such men as Sir Philip Francis, Oliver Goldsmith, R. B. Sheridan, and Edmund Burke. Bishop Berkeley, however, must be included in any treatment of our Anglo-Irish literature. On the whole, the 18th Century Irish writers forswore Irish material.

Maria Edgeworth, Macklin, or McLoughlin, the dramatist,

and Thomas Moore dealt in the Irish medium. Carleton found in the Irish peasant a storehouse of anecdote. Samuel Lover and Charles Lever as well as W. H. Maxwell and Gerald Griffin, were writing saleable novels. Certain minor authors were clearing away the underbrush that obscured the real material of the Irish contribution. Included in this group is G. N. Reynolds of Bantry Bay fame. Reynolds died before Ferguson was born. Curran, Drennan, Wolf, and Callanan were dead before Sir Samuel began his college career. Conolly and John Banim had stopped writing when Ferguson began. Walsh, Mahoney (Father Prout), and Marguerite Power had worked in Irish materials with some success before the advent of *The Nation* in 1842.

Irish literature up to 1830 was not at all impressive if we are to consider the work in bulk. Few, if any, of the individual works other than that of Moore are known outside of specialized anthologies. The technical quality of the work is hardly worthy of note. However, the material presented is of interest to students of literary movements. One finds that the element of personification enters largely into this work. Idealization of the Irish maiden and wife along with the Irish priest is readily apparent. Then, too, there are some representative picaresque personages. Some customs, and many Gaelic terms and expressions connected with popular folk literature appear. Walsh and Callanan had dipped into Irish History. Now all of this was before the wave of sentimentality rolled up out of *The Nation.* All this was before the desolation of the famine and subsequent emigration had produced the flood of "laments". Nevertheless, the poetry was, in the main, in the minor key.

There is one other thing to say in relation to all this literature which was produced prior to 1842. For several generations the British Government had carried on a warfare against the use of Gaelic among the Irish. By a process of attrition manifesting itself in laws affecting the educational system; by the use of political preferment to those who spoke the English language only; governmental boycotting of the native speech; the language of the people suffered almost total eclipse. The whole scheme of Irish culture fell into the discard and when the Nine-

teenth Century dawned, Ireland presented the picture of an entire people thinking in a language they could not use grammatically, and expressing themselves in a language in which they could not think. Such a condition brought about the sad, neglected state of literary affairs which we discover in the early days of the last century. The production was meagre. The material, however, was still there, and the lode was extremely rich. Into this mine, Ferguson was soon to dig. For a time James Clarence Mangan was working in the same vein. What heights Mangan might have reached in the poetic art is problematical. The profligate son of a profligate sire, "he squandered his power and mastery over verse upon matter mediocre or worse."[1] Not so with Ferguson. Through all the periods of storm and stress he was almost wholly untouched by national impulse or emotion, at least as far as his art was concerned. Ferguson was to work out his life in a cooler, more temperate atmosphere. At his side, in literary friendship, he would find Aubrey de Vere, the friend of Tennyson and an essentially spiritual poet. He would find, too, William Allingham, a graceful singer of faeries; and Whitley Stokes, the scholar; and George Sigerson, and Dr. Petrie, and John Todhunter. This group of men exerted an influence, one on the other. It is out of this group that Ferguson was to rise to a commanding position, to a position of honor, in the world of letters. Ferguson earned his living at law as he wrote. His whole time was not devoted to literature. He was the typical Victorian man of affairs, with an avocation devoted to the muse.

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[1] *A Treasury of Irish Poetry*, Brooke and Rolleston, p. 248.

IV

In this chapter I will consider each piece of Ferguson's work in its chronological order. Whenever it has been possible for me to determine the exact date of a composition I have used that date. Otherwise, the work appears in the order of its publication. Those dates which I have had to approximate I have so indicated in the text.

Such comments as I have made on each selection are to be considered as the result of my analysis of the work, and my evaluation. From these comments I will draw my conclusions, which will appear in Chapter V.

The Forging of the Anchor.

February, 1832, *Blackwood*, Vol. 31, p. 281.

Christopher North, speaking of this poem in the *Noctes Ambrosianae* (Blackwood, Vol. 31), says: "I wish it were mine. The world will yet hear of the writer . . . 'Maga' will be proud of introducing him to the world." E. A. Sharp in her *Lyra Celtica*, calls it, "one of the most celebrated and popular poems in our era." (*Cf.*, p. 388.) There is no doubt about it but that it is a remarkable piece of work for a boy of twenty-one years. It is, by far, the most widely known poem that Ferguson has done. Whittier, Dana, and Epes Sargent, as well as Bryant, included this poem in their Anthologies. It has, indeed, an historical significance. Of greater significance to me, however, is the fact that at no time during its many reappearances did Ferguson attempt to revise it. This neglect of revision suggests to me the opinion the author had of this, his first verse. Yet I can think of twenty changes in its eighty-odd lines that would improve the piece in diction, style and meter. With all its apparent intent, the poem lacks purpose.

The Wet Wooing, A Narrative of '98.

April, 1832, *Blackwood*, Vol. 31, p. 624.

A sixteen-thousand-word love story in a wet setting. There are floods and fogs on land, and raging storms on sea. The

hero overcomes all difficulties more through the work of God than the skill of the author. It is written in the Eighteenth Century manner, with its impossible language, stilted conversation, long sentences, and poor transitions. The humor of the situations fails to register. Ferguson makes extensive use of the North Ireland Scotch dialect, a dialect then highly regarded, but today quite obscure. It is of interest to note that his first material was that with which he was most familiar.

He includes two poems in this story; one, *A Sailor's Song*, and the other, *The Canny Courtship*, an attempt to reproduce the old ballad measure. He has failed in this attempt. The influence of Burns is manifest.

Ferguson's love for footnotes, a practice he develops as he grows older, is evidenced right here at the beginning of his work.

Light and Darkness.

October, 1832, *Blackwood*, Vol. 32, p. 681.

There is something of poetry in this, something of the contrast of light and darkness. The poet is young. He would have you think that darkness reigned always in his heart, though he yearned for light. He has not marked the distinction between light and darkness by any apt choice of words that would create the sense of feeling in either phase.

The lad has been reading Shelley.

This poem was not included in his collections.

An Irish Garland.

January, 1833, *Blackwood*, Vol. 33, p. 87.

This Garland includes four poems. The first, *Ye Gentlemen of Ireland*, is made up of four stanzas of very inferior meter and rime. Ireland is the "Isle of evil destiny". The British and the Orangemen find their strength in the sacred might of truth's eternal laws. It is an ode to the conservative.

The second, *Ye Jackasses of Ireland*, contains the same four stanzas with the rime and meter still askew. There is a refrain line in each of these stanzas in addition to the regular ten lines of the pattern. This refrain line is an attempt to imitate the braying of an ass. The poem is a fine example of the intolerance of the youth toward those who disagree with him.

The third poem, *Song to be Sung at the Lifting of the Conservative Standard*, is replete with variations within the pattern. The poet makes *banner* rime with *fan her*. We would say that this was a twenty-three-year-old boy trying to make the eagle scream.

The fourth and last poem of this Garland, *Song to be Sung at the Lifting of the Revolutionary Standard*, is by far the best in meter and rime. His intolerance here is equaled only by his ignorance.

It is well to look at the mental condition of this man who very soon was to espouse the cause of all Ireland. He was provincial to a marked degree. It will be interesting to watch his development. These poems were not republished and I imagine that Ferguson would surely have repudiated the sentiments if he had been asked point blank about them.

The Forest Race Romance.

February, 1833, *Blackwood*, Vol. 33, p. 243.

In this Ferguson writes easily and unaffectedly of the sea. His dialogue is much improved. On the other hand, his astonishments are banal and youthful. His ladies are all limbs and bosoms, and his men weep and despair. He still has a lot of trouble in getting God out of His heaven to help right things.

This story, which was republished in *Tales from Blackwood*, has a touch of Poe in it. The mystery part is well done. Ferguson has left no record of any Poe influence, in fact I could not find that he ever had mentioned him. Ferguson was not particularly fond of Americans.

The Fairy Well.

April, 1833, *Blackwood*, Vol. 33, p. 667.

This story in verse, the first incidentally that Ferguson signed, tells of an abandoned girl who longs to forget. She goes to the "fairy well", enacts a prescribed formula, and then disappears. The poem has signs of internal rhythm, repetition, and accumulated effect. It is archaic in spots, hackneyed, and immature throughout. The motive of the poem is expressed in the refrain lines as: "Mournfully, sing mournfully; hearken to

my tale of woe; all alas! and well away; and, save us all from fairy thrall."

SONGS AFTER BÉRANGER.

May, 1833, *Blackwood*, Vol. 33, p. 844.

There are four poems in this collection. The first, *The Studies of the Ladies*, is in the spirit of Society Verse. It is at the same time, social verse in that it reflects, rather completely, the routine of the schoolgirl of the day. The second, *The Little Brown Man*, is not at all a bad bit of work. The poem shows flexibility. The third, *My Lisette, She is no More*, is, throughout, Society Verse in the best form; while the last, *The Doctor and the Patient*, is exceptionally lively verse. These four poems give us a view of the versatility of the young man. It is a real pity that he did not practice more in the imitation of the other poets before he set himself in the narrow groove in which he later worked.

THE DEATH SONG OF REGNER LODBROG.

June, 1833, *Blackwood*, Vol. 33, p. 910.

Here we meet Ferguson in his first real interest in legend and saga. The poem deals with Regner, King of Denmark, rival of Charlemagne. The twenty-nine stanzas he has written down have nothing particularly brilliant to recommend them. He has annotated seven of the lines. This is in keeping with what he will do to a greater extent later. In his six-thousand-word comment which follows, Ferguson has given us his first scholarly attempt at presenting the literature of the past in a compact narrative. He quotes sources. How thoroughly he knows his sources is open to speculation. He appears to have selected his material for its narrative appeal.

The point of interest to me, however, is that in this comment he first recognizes a similarity between the then little known Irish heroes and the heroes of Southern Europe and of the Norsemen. Thus, at the age of twenty-three, Ferguson is unconsciously drifting toward the material from which he will draw his greatest inspiration.

DON GOMEZ AND THE CID.

August, 1833, *Dublin University Magazine*, Vol. 2, p. 143.

This is Ferguson's first appearance in the *Dublin University Magazine*. He will be a regular contributor for the next twenty years. This poem, however, is of little moment. It tells nothing. It is perhaps, an influence from his brother in South America, or it may be that he was recently reading *The Cid*. This work is simply an exercise.

NORA BOYLE.

September, 1833, *Blackwood*, Vol. 34, p. 344.

This is one of those inexcusable outbursts of youthful sentimentalism. Its four thousand, five hundred words lack any redeeming feature whatever. Yet, with all that, the story was republished in *Tales from Blackwood*.

THE HISTORY OF PIERCE BODKIN.

October, 1833, *Dublin University Magazine*, Vol. 2, p. 456.

A youthful attempt to write comedy. Ferguson shows a lameness in his prose. It is stilted to a great degree and very artificial. He is too much dependent on coincidence. This material smacks of Ireland but, as a matter of fact, the story could have occurred anywhere.

WILLY AND PATE, A COUNTY DOWN PASTORAL.

November, 1833, *Dublin University Magazine*, Vol. 2, p. 575.

A girl has a decision to make. Which man will she marry? Pate is a horny-handed son of toil; Willy, "soft, couthy, divine." There is no argument, no struggle. Ferguson writes this after the Scotch manner in the dialect of Ulster.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE HEAD AND HEART OF AN IRISH PROTESTANT.

November, 1833, *Dublin University Magazine*, Vol. 2, p. 586.

It is just what the title suggests. The heart has a little sympathy toward the Irish Catholic, the head has none. The head talks the heart out of what sympathy it has. This work shows Ferguson's love for argument. This characteristic will

appear again and again in the next twenty years. The man who wrote this was a long way from being the leader of the Irish people that he even then hoped to be. He will go through the discipline of the years and we will mark his journey.

THE TALE OF THE TUB.

December, 1833, *Dublin University Magazine*, Vol. 2, p. 691.

A ballad in the popular sense of the word. It just seems as if Ferguson hasn't the right recipe for humor. His humor here is ridicule. His target is the Catholic Church.

THE RETURN OF CLANEBOY.

December, 1833, *Blackwood*, Vol. 34, p. 929.

In this seventeen-thousand-word prose story, Ferguson works for the first time in Irish History. The time is 1333. To be sure, it is a romantic conception of that period and Ferguson presents it with much of previously established sentimentalism. But this work shows promise. The man at last has something to write about. He reveals his own interest in his materials. He writes with a real purpose. The transitions are more to the point. One love scene is fairly well done. Technically he repeats some of his early mistakes. His paragraphing is poor, his motivation weak, his characterization is formless. There is still too much of the heroic romance about it all.

I have remarked the influence of Shelley in one of his poems. It is a real pity that in this story he shows none of the then prevalent influence of Scott in the Historical Narrative. We may feel sure, though, that with this tale, Ferguson is growing. Nothing could convince us more of that fact than the way he has handled the bard's song which he skillfully introduces. Turlough sings, *The Parting from Slemish, or Con's Flight to Tyrone.* This song or ballad is the most notable bit of poetry Ferguson has yet done. The utter simplicity of it strikes one as its most important characteristic, especially in view of the fact that Ferguson's early work is filled with conceits and fine writing. Of course this is but an adaptation from the Gaelic, but it has required some skill to mold and to fit it to the English form. In this poem, Ferguson has distinctly recorded the Gaelic music he has but recently heard.

This story takes on additional significance when we read the author's own words: "This may be regarded as the first indication of my ambition to raise the native element of Irish History to a dignified level. This ambition, I think, may be taken as the key to almost all the literary work of my subsequent life."

This work was republished in *Tales from Blackwood*, and *Hibernian Nights' Entertainments.*

INAUGURAL ODE.

January, 1834, *Dublin University Magazine*, Vol. 3, p. v.

This is an ode calling "youth and blooming maiden" and who else will hear, to rally to the banner that will lead Ireland into the fields of gay romance. But first the subtle Papists must be overthrown. Lady Ferguson, in her *Life of Sir Samuel*, has deleted those lines which might tend to alienate affections from her husband. Perhaps he suggested it to her. I do not care to emphasize this part of Sir Samuel's work, but when we consider that his aim was to interpret the Irish soul we must not ignore his partisanship completely.

HILLOA, OUR FANCY. FLIGHT THE FIRST.

January, 1834, *Dublin University Magazine*, Vol. 3, p. 25.

This essay is no more than the prattle of a child well secured in his own opinions. Words . . . words . . . words . . . with scarce an idea expressed. Ferguson here reveals himself as a Tory who will not see one good motive in the Whig party; an Ulster man whose attitude toward his Southern fellows is comparable to that of the old-time temperance worker toward the town drunkard. This was to be the first of several flights. There were no more. Yet the man's style shows an improvement.

ATHENS, A SONNET.

February, 1834, *Dublin University Magazine*, Vol. 3, p. 158.

Ferguson makes an attempt in the sonnet form to show how great his love for Ireland really is. His thrill for Ireland is comparable to the thrill the Athenian of old had for Athens. He violates accent in this sonnet, and, furthermore, he has brought his conclusion into the thirteenth line.

CAPTAIN BEY, OR THE TURKISH SACK 'EM UP. A proper new song to the tune of Evellen's Bower.

February, 1834, *Dublin University Magazine*, Vol. 3, p. 231.

A strained street-ballad meter. The poem has one funny situation in it.

FRAGMENTS FROM THE HISTORY OF GRANA WEAL.

February, 1834, *Dublin University Magazine*, Vol. 3, p. 194.

Grana Weal is one of the many allegorical names of Ireland. In Chapter I of this story Ferguson reveals the domestic conditions in Ireland before the Barbarian invasion. In Chapter II, he begins with the invasion and takes us down to Brian Borou. Chapter III covers events going on in England at the same time.

The sad part is that there are no more chapters. Thus again we have a work of his stopped at the first installment. *Hilloa* evidently did not take, neither did this. The failure of this is much harder to account for. The history is well done. It is a light treatment of a confused subject. It reads well. I feel that Ferguson planned this without taking into consideration how it would develop. The result was that it bid fair to undermine his beliefs in the virtues of the British Constitution. He was not, at this time, ready to acknowledge any superiority of Irish culture over British.

SHANE O'NEILL'S LAST ARMOUR.

February, 1834, *Blackwood*, Vol. 35, p. 249.

A story of 1547. Once more Ferguson works in the depths of Irish materials. This time he sets his scene in his own home country. He is replete with descriptions of nature and of storms. Always, so far in his prose, is there a storm. Always the overworked coincidence. Always the delicate, fragile, swooning, English girl. The characters here are not vivid. The story holds the interest mainly because of the social customs it reveals. For the most part it lacks construction, but it reads better than his previous work, in spite of the fact that his conversations are stilted and his transitions sudden and unmotivated.

This story was reprinted in *Tales from Blackwood*, and later became a part of *Hibernian Nights' Entertainment.*

THE SIX PENNY MANIFESTO.

March, 1834, *Dublin University Magazine*, Vol. 3, p. 253.

Another journalistic blurb. Young Ferguson, at this time, probably thought himself a political economist. He criticized severely the Knight, *Penny Journals*, and then hastened to justify their existence. He was to write an article for Knight in 1837. In this essay he uses arguments strongly in favor of the Repeal of the Union and then hastens to set down a footnote begging that these statements be not construed as arguments. His heart was getting the better of his head, but he still had control of both.

GRANA WEAL'S GARLAND.

March, 1834, *Dublin University Magazine*, Vol. 3, p. 292.

Three poems. The first, *Lamentation of Fighting Fitzgerald's Ghost*, presents a sad picture for any Irishman to contemplate: No one in Ireland will fight the Ghost though he offers much money for a good old-time row. The swing of this poem is splendid. The material does move. The second, *My Nose is at Your Service*, is an attempt to ridicule all who would be willing to live under Whig rule or priestly domination. In the third, *A Fine Old Irish Gentleman*, he digs again at the Catholics, but his spade is blunt. This is the poorest bit of alleged verse that I have ever read. The remarkable thing to me is, how could he get any editor to accept it. The answer to me is: that the editor of the *Dublin University Magazine* probably called for such material.

THE FAIRY THORN.

March, 1834, *Dublin University Magazine*, Vol. 3, p. 331.

This poem reveals the real Celtic spirit, but it lacks the Celtic form. It appears to have been conceived and executed with a rapidity which was nothing short of inspiration. It is one of his gems without a flaw. It has been reprinted many times.

THE FORESTER'S COMPLAINT.

April, 1834, *Dublin University Magazine*, Vol. 3, p. 386.

This is an artistic bit of verse with but little straining for

rime in it. It tells of the sad plight of a man who has fallen in love. The material lacks originality. Ferguson included this in his *Lays of the Western Gael*, 1865.

A Review of James Hardiman's Irish Minstrelsy, London, 1831.

April 1834, *Dublin University Magazine*, Vol. 3, p. 465; August, 1834, Vol. 4, p. 152; and, November, 1834, Vol. 4, p. 514.

This is the first definite statement of feeling that Ferguson has made for the mere Irish. Always, heretofore, has he appeared to stand between the good will of the Ulster men and Catholic Ireland. In this *Dublin University Magazine* he has written much that could fan the flame of discord. He will write more. Here, however, Ferguson reveals an enthusiasm for a mutual understanding. This enthusiasm arises clearly from his reading of this mere Irish poetry, either in Hardiman, or from Hardiman's sources. This book therefore, was decidedly an influence on him.

In this review Ferguson is proud of introducing to English readers the character of a people such as previously the English have not known nor cared to meet. We well may hope for better things for Ferguson has looked on this material with a friendly eye.

Ferguson did not know the Irish language well, but he was closely associated with several young men who did, with Fox and John O'Hagan. When these men would meet they would exchange their translations. In that way Ferguson took the material and worked it into the English form. Thus we find him able to create a good critical judgment on Irish verse and translations.

This criticism comes out in his second paper on Hardiman. In this second paper, Ferguson sails right through the confused history of the country straight to the main channel of the people's thought. He points out that *desire* is the predominating sentiment of the Irish character. He realizes that an Irish song which does not go directly to the heart, fails in its purpose. He shows his critical limitations, however, in complaining about the

arrangement of Irish poetry. This lack of arrangement, he says, makes the Irish poem defective.

He will later forget that sentimental desire, so important in the Irish character; but, for the time being, he fairly revels in his new-found love. In the midst of this revelry, he suddenly realizes that his love was nurtured in the Catholic faith. Out of a clear sky comes one fiery paragraph of denunciation of the customs of the Catholic clergy. It must be sincerely regretted by all, that Ferguson was not, at this time, able to leap over the artificial embattlements of theological training. This attitude clearly kept him from a leadership he could have, in good season, assumed.

I will have reason to comment on Ferguson's skill in translating further on in the paper. For the time being I am going to list those translations which appeared for the first time in this review. The references here will be to the *Dublin University Magazine*, Volume IV, except as noted.

Ode to the Maguire (p. 457).

A literal translation from the Irish.

Torna's Lament (p. 530).

Torna, an old man, laments the days of Corc and Neal, now gone. There is no other publication of this poem.

O'Byrne's Bard to the Clans of Wicklow (p. 531).

In this, Ferguson seems to understand the basic reason for the Irishman's revolt. He published this later in his *Lays of the Western Gael.*

Agnew's Lamentation (p. 532).

A plea for the Irishman who is exiled in his own country. No other publication under this title, but Ferguson put it into his *Lays of the Western Gael*, as *The Downfall of the Gael.*

Lament Over the Ruins of the Abbey of Timoleague (p. 533).

Surely in translating this Ferguson must have caught a fairer glimpse of an Irish monastery. He published this in his *Lays of the Western Gael*, 1865.

To the Harper O'Connellan (p. 534).

An 18th Century poem which he collected in his edition of 1865.

Molly Asthore (p. 534).

This is a paraphrase rather than a translation of a poem by the celebrated Gaelic bard, Cormac O'Con. Ferguson has Victorianised this poem to the detriment of the material. In *Dublin University Magazine*, Vol. 4, p. 160, he makes some comments on the necessity of toning down the originals to suit the taste of his readers. He is more affected by what people of his day think than by what the author of his poem thought. This poem has been reprinted several times.

The Fair Haired Girl (p. 535).

Another Victorian adaptation. This has been republished in his *Lays of the Western Gael.*

Pastheen Finn (p. 535).

In this we can see some of the liberties that Ferguson has taken with his original material. The title in Irish means, the white-headed boy. Ferguson treats it as, The Sweet Brown Girl. The poem has been reprinted many times, probably because the rhythm and effect are reproduced in a most satisfactory manner.

Cashel of Munster (p. 536).

In meter, this is the closest that Ferguson has come to the Celtic spirit. If he had not tried to rime the words in English, he would have done much better. The poem was reprinted many times.

Uileacan Dubh O! (p. 536).

In this work, too, Ferguson's attempt to rime has impeded the movement of the verse. Never reprinted.

The Coolun (p. 537).

Ferguson tried two translations of this. The poem is most popular. It is a real lyric addressed to the hair of a girl.

Nora of the Amber Hair (p. 539).

In this piece Ferguson sticks partially to the Irish measure. It has not been republished.

Kitty Tyrrell (p. 539).

Hardly worth mentioning. Not reprinted.

Mild Mabel Kelly (p. 540).

This is an adaptation from the work of the Irish harper, Carolan. Ferguson felt that the expressions of love on the part of the Irish bard were too forthright for his readers. Ferguson keeps very close to the Gaelic meter here and, as a result, the poem has an exotic charm. It has been reprinted several times.

Grace Nugent (p. 540).

Another Carolan poem. Ferguson does not handle the figures well in this. Carolan says: "Her breast is softer than the swan." Ferguson, "Her neck outdoes the stately swan." This has been republished.

Drinnin Dhu (p. 541).

The translation of a Gaelic poem which shows Jacobite influence. Not republished.

Boatman's Hymn (p. 541).

In adapting the meter of this old seaman's song, Ferguson has lost the rhythm of the hymn and has reduced it to a nursery rime. This has been reprinted.

The Fair Hills of Ireland (p. 542).

This is one of his best known translations and if it had not been that others had worked on the same original and Englished it to better advantage it might be necessary to comment on it at length. Ferguson's critics have referred to it as one of his best. I can not agree with that statement. It has reappeared many times.

The Cup of O'Hara (Vol. 3, p. 471).

One would never believe that a man with the experience that Ferguson has already had could turn out so poor a piece of verse. Witness the second stanza:

> But why seek in numbers
> Its virtues to tell,
> When O'Hara's own chaplain
> Has said, saying well,—
> "Turlough, bold son of Brian,
> Sit ye down, boy, again,
> Till we drain the great cupaun
> In another health to Keane."

Ferguson has translated other works from the Irish which do not appear in this volume of the *Dublin University Magazine.* Lady Ferguson assures us that they were translated in 1834, consequently I will include them here.

Dierdra's Farewell to Alba.

Young Ferguson put this poem into a good swinging measure that expressed the sorrow and anguish of a young girl who had to leave the scene of her volcanic love. This early rendition is most acceptable. In 1880 Ferguson revised the idea he had of Dierdra and he put this song into her mouth in a measure which connotes the melancholy of a sentimental Victorian maid.

Dierdra's Lament for the Sons of Usnach.

If ever we have occasion to regret an author's change of mind toward his work it is in this selection. In 1834 Ferguson wrote this poem from the Irish, perhaps the oldest song which the Irish has to offer the world. He had a grand opportunity to present the pagan Irish girl in all her glory, in all her fatality of love. He did that in these words. I am quoting the first and last stanzas:

> The lions of the hill are gone,
> And I am left alone—alone;
> Dig the grave both wide and deep,
> For I am sick, and fain would sleep!

* * *

Dig the grave both wide and deep,
Sick I am, and fain would sleep!
Dig the grave and make it ready,
Lay me on my true-love's body!

Throughout this version Ferguson introduces that Irish characteristic of cumulative effect. The work is a masterpiece. I hold it one of his five best. But Ferguson grew older, as we all must. But need our souls grow older? In 1880 Ferguson treats the same material in this manner. I am quoting again the first and last stanzas:

O sons of Usnach, stretched before me, dead,
Ye were, in life, Ulidia's chosen three
For every gift and grace of manly Nature,
For wisdom, valour, courtesy, and song.

Dig the grave deep. Cast in their arms of war,
Cast in the collars of their hounds of chase,
To deck their chamber of expectant slumber,
And make the mansion wide enough for four.

Need I say anything more about that change of heart. I will comment on the drama, *Dierdra*, in its proper place. For the present let me proceed with his other translations.

Youghal Harbour.

For the material in this rustic Irish ballad we cannot blame Ferguson, but for the slipshod way in which he handled it we can. This poem appeared in his *Lays of the Western Gael.*

Cean Dubh Deelish.

This is another famous poem which has been translated by others with greater success than Ferguson achieved. It is one of his most popular with the anthologists. I will refer to it later.

Mary's Waking.

This is rather a pathetic attempt to catch the spirit of resignation in the Irish lover. A stanza will suffice to show the way Ferguson has treated the story.

And whether in the virgin choir,
A joyous sylph, she dances,
Or o'er the smiling circle sheds
Her wit's sweet influences;
May he by favouring fate assign'd
Her partner or companion,
Be one that with an angel's mind
Is fit to hold communion.

This, then, is the list of translations that Ferguson accomplished during the early years of his study of the Irish language. His review of Hardiman gave him opportunity to present this work to the public. It gave him, too, a critical ability.

THE STRAY CANTO.

July, 1834, *Dublin University Magazine*, Vol. 4, p. 72.

A great song of praise for the English knights in the Crusades, cast in the form of a Medieval Romance of some eight hundred lines. Ferguson has tried out an introduction which he will use successfully in *The Hibernian Nights' Entertainment.* This work lacks a significant conclusion. It was never reprinted and Lady Ferguson makes no mention of it in her "Life", or in her bibliography.

IRISH STORYISTS; LOVER AND CARLETON.

September, 1834, *Dublin University Magazine*, Vol. 4, p. 298.

The first part of this review is devoted to a critique of *Legends and Stories of Ireland*, by Samuel Lover. In this Ferguson attacks Lover for his outrageous caricatures of the Irish peasantry. He is inspired in some of his passages. He credits Lover with an inability to sense the real Irish wit. He charges Lover with a lack of comprehension of Irish genius.

In the second part Ferguson deals with *Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry*, Third Edition, by William Carleton. Sir Samuel is emphatic in his praise of Carleton. To quote: "To Mr. Carleton the great mass of the Irish people is indebted for the only creditable vindication of national character." In dealing with these two men, Ferguson gives the lion's share of attention and space to Carleton.

In a third part, Ferguson criticizes severely the melancholy atmosphere presented by Harriet Martineau in her *Ireland, a Tale.*

Fancy, The Scene-shifter.

September, 1834, *Dublin University Magazine*, Vol. 4, p. 325.

Here are eleven stanzas of praise for Merry England's "Own Brown Ale." The work was not reprinted. It serves only to show the versatility of the young writer.

Hibernian Nights Entertainment.

December, 1834, *Dublin University Magazine*, Vol. 4, p. 676.

With the appearance of this issue of the magazine, Ferguson embarked on his most ambitious adventure of his yet young literary career. He planned this work to cover fifteen nights of amusement and instruction for his readers. Each night was to occupy one instalment in the magazine. The work appeared as follows:

Introduction and The Death of the Children of Usnach, Vol. 4, p. 676.

The Captive of Killeshin.
January, 1835, Vol. 5, p. 58.

The Rebellion of Silken Thomas.
Part I, February, 1835, Vol. 5, p. 192.
Part II, March, 1835, Vol. 5, p. 293.
Part III, April, 1835, Vol. 5, p. 438.
Part IV, June, 1835, Vol. 5, p. 705.
Part V, July, 1835, Vol. 6, p. 50.
Part VI, August, 1835, Vol. 6, p. 207.

Corby MacGilmore.
Part I, September, 1835, Vol. 6, p. 278.
Part II, November, 1835, Vol. 6, p. 537.
Part III, December, 1835, Vol. 6, p. 640.

Rosabel of Ross.
Part I, January, 1836, Vol. 7, p. 96.
Part II, March, 1836, Vol. 7, p. 327.
Part III, April, 1836, Vol. 7, p. 380.
Part IV, May, 1836, Vol. 7, p. 579.

Ferguson made use of a most interesting historical introduction to these tales. He puts the words into the mouth of Turlogh O'Hagan, the bard to the O'Neills. Turlogh tells the story to Hugh Roe O'Donnell who, with his brothers and companions, is imprisoned in Dublin Castle at the wish of the British Government. The prisoners are forbidden any intercourse, but Turlogh speaks between the changes of the guard. The stories, of course, are almost entirely fictitious, but they contain many details of locality and customs of the contemporary manners and modes of fighting of Irish and English. This phase of the work reveals the great width of Ferguson's knowledge and information of ancient Ireland. It is here that he first sets himself forth as an antiquarian.

The stories themselves will not bear too close a critical inspection. They are, however, worthy of an extended review since they reflect Ferguson's love for Gaelic lore.

The Death of the Children of Usnach is told in the cold medium of stilted prose, yet it loses nothing of its charm. It was in this that Ferguson first published his two Dierdra songs that I have referred to earlier. If the story were not so well known it might grip the fancy of the reader more than it does. We must consider, however, that at the time Ferguson wrote it, it was not so much a part of Irish literature.

The Captive of Killeshin is a tale of the struggle of the Leinster clans, chiefly the O'Nolans, with the English settlers. It is full of stirring incidents. The description of the battle in this story is Ferguson's most vividly descriptive work.

The Rebellion of Silken Thomas is long, entirely too long. Ferguson here has violated all narrative sense of proportion in an effort to show how much he knows about the history of the times. One is convinced that he is handicapped by too many facts. His skill as a selective artist is nil. The main features of

this rebellion are told in the form of a romance. The real hero is Sir John Talbot, an Englishman, who first joins Lord Thomas, but later deserts him. The story of Sir John's private fortunes occupies entirely too large a part of the story.

Corby MacGilmore is laid in North Antrim at the beginning of the 15th Century. The MacGilmores have relapsed into barbarism and paganism. A Franciscan goes forth to preach Christianity to them. The chief interest in the story, however, is in the enmity between Clan Gilmore and Clan Savage from the North of Down. Dark and tragic events result from this enmity. The first touch of characterization that Ferguson has shown, comes in here in the form of a very war-like and very unchristian abbot. I believe that his old Ulster antipathy drove him to this somewhat sharply drawn picture.

Rosabel of Ross begins slowly and never departs from the snail's pace. The elements of the story are revealed by onlookers. The characters are not clear, nor are they self-asserting. The paragraphing, however, is much better than usual. The conversation improves. There are entirely too many trite expressions drawn in by the sheer stupidity of the author. He shows none of the raciness of the language. The incidental verse in Part I is some of Ferguson's best. *Father Edmond's Prayer*, at the end, moves along better than the average Ferguson poem. The material in it, too, is of greater value than he usually deals with.

The story becomes complicated as it goes along, but the narrative is halted by a lack of coherence. Toward the end of Part II, the story gathers headway again and fairly rushes along. The story ends in a cyclone of horror and misery, and Ferguson sinks back into the level of the heroic romance and the Gothic terrors. One thing again is noticeable. When Ferguson finds an opportunity to berate the Catholic clergy he rolls the Orange curses out in oratund style. No restraint then, no cramped and artificial language.

But through it all one wonders where the man's philosophy is. Scarcely ever does he say a memorable thing, scarcely ever does he reveal life.

It is interesting to note that when these stories were collected

for publication, *Rosabel of Ross* was omitted and the *Return of Claneboy* and *An Adventure of Shane O'Neill* were in its stead.

When This Old Cap Was New.

I can find no record of the exact date of publication of this nine-stanza poem. Lady Ferguson calls it one of his earliest. David Herbison, a poet of County Antrim, mentions the poem as a favorite of his mother. From the contents, I judge that the work was done about 1834. I am sure that it was written before the reign of Victoria which began in 1837.

The material reveals the meditations of an "old fellow" on the changes brought about by the dissolution of the Irish Parliament. The speaker would be an Irish patriot, but the Toryism of the poet reconciles the speaker to the awe and majesty of the King and his ministers. The only publication of the poem which has come to my notice is in Lady Ferguson's *Life.*

Young Dobbs.

January, 1836, *Dublin University Magazine*, Vol. 7, p. 69.

This is a ballad telling part of the story of one of John Paul Jones' alleged raids against British shipping in 1778. The meter is smoother here and the rime truer to the ear; but the age-old practice of twisting and forcing expressions in order to keep in the pattern is more than once apparent.

An Epitaph Suggested for Richard Whately, D.D.

Written about 1836 and published only in Lady Ferguson's *Life.*

This is a friendly recognition of the abilities of the late Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Whately. It also presents the virtues of the Dublin Irish over whom the good Doctor came to rule. It has no other merits.

Willy Gilliland.

January, 1836, *Dublin University Magazine*, Vol. 7, p. 67.

This is one of Ferguson's best narrative poems. There is no woman in it, hence he does not have to be stiltedly polite. Willy Gilliland was a Scotsman fleeing for his life from British persecution. He found refuge in Ireland. He was pursued, his cave

burned, his dog slain and his mare ridden away by the soldiers. In true ballad fashion he recaptures the mare and rides off to safety and to a position in life which brought him honor and leadership.

There is the usual one bad line in this, though the poem has been many times reprinted.

BREHON LAWS.

This article appeared in *The Penny Cyclopaedia*, Charles Knight, London, 1836, Vol. 5, p. 382.

This work sets forth Ferguson in a most admirable light. He states clearly the sources of his material, the necessarily restricted scope of available manuscripts in translation. He has carefully annotated his remarks. He proceeds logically with an exposition of Brehon Law. He divides it into Common law and Statute law. He refutes by example and illustration and by comparison those English critics who have ridiculed, derided, and condemned the Irish code. He shows the relation of pastoral law to the Feudal law of the Continent. He follows the development of the law as concomitant with the development of the economic life of the race. He defends the much abused Eric. Throughout, he emphasizes the humanity of the old code by the introduction of well chosen illustrations. He sketches several instances showing the niceties and perfections of the Irish dispensation. Finally, he is most skillful in his exposition as to how the Brehons fell into disrepute. Ferguson very frankly presents the chaos resulting from the attempt to enforce Anglo-Norman feudalism on the Irish. He tells of the unscrupulous conquerors who would take advantage of both codes and thus perpetrate the vices of each. His comment on what the English considered treason in 1362 is most interesting. The Parliament of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, held at Kilkenny that year, regarded as high treason the demand of any subject who would prefer to be tried by Brehon law over the English law. The loose use of the word, treason, has been characteristic of Englishmen when dealing with Ireland.

Ferguson's frankness in his conclusion is his most promising statement up to this date.

UNA PHELIMY.

January, 1836, *Dublin University Magazine*, Vol. 7, p. 66.

This poem is in ballad measure, which is irregular in spots. In the first stanza, Ferguson uses duple and single rime. In other places the rime is so far off that it cannot be called resolved rime. This poem has been reprinted.

THE ATTRACTIONS OF IRELAND.

July, September, and December, 1836, *Dublin University Magazine*, Vol. 8, on the following pages: 112, 315, 658.

There is no doubt in my mind but that these essays mark the turning point in the nature of the work Ferguson was still to do. It is true that the *Hibernian Nights' Entertainment* preceded this, but Ferguson's use of that material was never entirely sympathetic. He used it for the story value, and he marred it with youthful excrescence of style and treatment.

I feel that in these three essays, and most especially in the third, Ferguson has found something more than the mere story in the Irish people. He found their hearts, their characters, and their philosophy of life as exhibited through their social habits. He found, too, the source of their troubles. He is no longer hesitant in pointing out the element of injustice done the Irish race.

Furthermore, in the third essay Ferguson sets forth the needs, and the aims of a national school of literature.[1] One may trace the inspiration that later gave impetus to the Anglo-Irish literary movement to this expression of the man's hopes. It was this bodying forth of an idea that gave the men of a later generation something to work on. It was this that suggested to the men of *The Nation*, the utilitarian literary purpose of their paper. That *The Nation* fell from literary esteem is due to the fact that it departed from Ferguson's ideal. Nevertheless, the ideal slumbered and awakened again at the touch of the more vigorous mentalities of Hyde, Russell, and Yeats. Ferguson was not embroiled in the collapse of *The Nation*. He kept on his own way, then unhonored and unsung, to do a greater work in the creation of a truly national mind.

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[1] *Dublin University Magazine*, December, 1836, Vol. 8, pp. 660–662.

These essays deserve study in respect to their position in the Gaelic revival; but, in studying them, one should be warned against too severe a criticism of Ferguson's rhetoric. Here, as elsewhere, Ferguson violates the element of proportion. He tries to do too much. Consequently, he puts greater emphasis on his early points and, of necessity, slights his later points. This may have been caused by his editor's shutting down on his allotted space, but, all in all, the work does not appear to have been well planned.

It is worth noting that the second essay carries some of his early poems, only one of which he thought worth reclaiming.

THE MOUNTAIN TRAVERSED, AND THE RIVER PASSED.

September, 1836, *Dublin University Magazine*, Vol. 8, p. 323.

This poem was incidental to *The Attractions of Ireland.* It is a decided relapse into mediocrity.

FULL FIFTY MILES TWO DAYS HAVE BORN.

September, 1836, *Dublin University Magazine*, Vol. 8, p. 323.

These three stanzas of doggerel are buried in the text of *The Attractions of Ireland.* They will never gain any more notice than I give them here.

THE PRETTY GIRL OF LOCH DAN.

September, 1836, *Dublin University Magazine*, Vol. 8, p. 324.

This is also incidental to *Attraction of Ireland.* It has some real social values, but it is so over sentimentalized that it does not rise above the level of the average ballad in *The Nation.* Ferguson is never any too good at original material. This poem has been reprinted.

THE SKETCHER FOILED.

July, 1836, *Dublin University Magazine*, Vol. 8, p. 16.

One eight-line stanza of Society Verse which expresses the youth's sentiment of love.

CURIOSITIES OF IRISH LITERATURE.

March, 1837, *Dublin University Magazine*, Vol. 9, p. 341.

This paper is divided into two parts. Part I is devoted to libraries. Here we find Ferguson's interest in antiquarian information under good headway. He would get to know his country through its history, and he would have to write its history through antiquarian research. He holds that the man who would take a forward part in Irish politics must be an antiquary.

Part II is devoted to The Thaumaturgists. This is an interesting essay on the superstitions, miracles and legends which are extant in Ireland.

THE MERE IRISH.

May, 1837, *Dublin University Magazine*, Vol. 9, p. 546.

In this essay, Ferguson tries to set forth the reason why some Irishmen look on all other Irishmen as worthy of contempt. It was the custom in 1837, as it is today, for some people to belittle their fellowmen. Ferguson realizes here that the English policy is responsible for this feeling. Then he introduces this very curious comment. He says the Reformation was a change demanded by the intelligence of England, and the reason that it did not take on in Ireland, was because there was no intelligence there. This, remember, after his exposition of Brehon culture.

Ferguson carries out an onslaught against such English customs and laws as produced a phobia in English hearts for all things Irish. We all know that English vituperations can be most notorious, but Ferguson reminds the English that they were sneered at by Erasmus and others.

The essay is illuminating.

THE SCOTIC CONTROVERSY.

June, 1837, *Dublin University Magazine*, Vol. 9, p. 710.

This begins with a review of *The Highlanders of Scotland, Their Origin, History, and Antiquities, etc.*, William F. Skene, London, 1837. Skene would deny the Irish ancestry of the Highlanders. In this essay we are impressed by Ferguson, the critic. He has a vast store of knowledge for a twenty-seven-year-old law student. We well may doubt his accuracy. But, Mr. Skene wrote to the *Dublin University Magazine* and tore Ferguson's criticism apart for us. Skene was a prize winner and he ought to know.

In the October, 1837, *Dublin University Magazine*, Vol. 10, p. 430, Ferguson takes some thirty separate statements made in Skene's rejoinder and, in carefully annotated comments, leaves Skene with but little to stand on. While the June essay had appeared a trifle erudite, this October criticism appears most scholarly. Ferguson's familiarity with the subject matter is manifest. He has done a brilliant piece of work. We know he is well advanced in his antiquarian studies.

One significant feature of Ferguson's reply is that he lays no little stress on the fact that he, himself, is of Scotch extraction.

The Involuntary Experimentalist.

October, 1837, *Blackwood*, Vol. 42, p. 487.

Another sample of his versatility. Note how Ferguson is not argumentative in *Blackwood*. Here is a story in the real atmosphere that Fitz James O'Brien will later use. Reading this, and a later one, *A Vision of Noses*, one is inclined to ask: Did Fitz James O'Brien have access to this material? Surely he did. Just how far the influence of Poe worked on Ferguson cannot be determined. This story has been republished.

On the Antiquity of the Kiliee, or Boomerang.

January 22, 1838, *Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy. Polite Literature and Antiquities*, Vol. 19, p. 22.

This is Ferguson's first appearance before the Royal Irish Academy. In this paper which he read on January 22, and February 12, 1838, he connects the modern Boomerang with the *Criosac* used by the Irish heroes. He remarks that, after the Australian circus men had been in Ireland throwing boomerangs, the Irish youth started throwing wooden crosses. This action, he pointed out, was spontaneous. It was like the revival of something that had been lost by the race, but not altogether forgotten.

The same subject matter is dealt with in *The Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy*, Vol. 1, pp. 130 and 133. The only real interest the paper has for us is that it shows the familiarity that Ferguson had with antiquarian subjects. It also identifies Ferguson with a group of men who were later to take an import-

ant part in Irish historical research. It might be of interest, too, to note that this volume we have just referred to, records some 161 articles discussed before the Irish Academy. Only twenty-seven of these discussions are concerned with Irish materials. It will be the influence of Ferguson and men like him which will change this.

Remarks on the "Antiquitates Americanae".

May 28, 1838, *Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy*, Vol. 1, p. 180.

Ferguson attempts to add some corroborative evidence to the statement made in a publication of the Royal Society of Antiquaries to the effect that America was known to the Irish before the discoveries of Columbus.

This young man is very ambitious. The paper shows some familiarity with the legendary background of Ireland.

A Vision of Noses.

May, 1838, *Blackwood*, Vol. 43, p. 648.

This is more of an essay than a story. It mildly satirizes some German scientists who claim to be able to classify the characters of men by classifying the noses. Ferguson shows his love for pure argument here. I think that he intended this to be humorous but it is far too ponderous to be funny. He violates proportion in this work.

Sonnet, Suggested by Mr. Wall's Painting of the Falls of Niagara.

May, 1838, *Blackwood*, Vol. 43, p. 647.

This effort is not worth much in meter or material.

Father Tom and the Pope.

May, 1838, *Blackwood*, Vol. 43, p. 607.

When we reach this story, we have come to Ferguson's prose masterpiece. He will write better prose, but it will be in the interest of science and not of fiction. This work was published anonymously in *Blackwood*. In its day it was attributed to William Maginn, or to John Fisher Murray. Most critics of

Ferguson excluded it from his works up to the time Lady Ferguson's *Life* appeared.

Lady Ferguson gives the events surrounding this story, as follows: One Father Tom Maguire, a well known priest in 1837, was carrying on a polemical contest with the Reverend Mr. Pope, a clergyman of the Church of Ireland. Two ladies of Dublin, a Mrs. Fitz Simon, the daughter of Daniel O'Connell, and a Miss Mary O'Mara, insisted on taking Sir Samuel to these religious debates. Ferguson was not married then. Their object was undoubtedly that of converting him to Catholicism. The ladies failed in their object, as the publication of this brochure surely convinced them. Perhaps Ferguson's own admission in regard to this publication would be of interest.

> It was written by me in the summer of 1838, just about the time of my call to the Irish bar. No one else had any hand in it, and, like the "Forging of the Anchor," it underwent a rejection before its appearance in *Blackwood*. I am flattered by its having been ascribed to Maginn, for whose genius I entertain a high admiration. I have never made any secret of the authorship; but as I have constantly endeavoured in any literary work I have been able to do for many years back to elevate the Irish subject out of the burlesque, I have an indisposition to place my name on the title-page of so very rolicking a piece as "Father Tom".

This "rolicking piece" has been set down by Victorians as a work which will take its place with some of the brightest efforts of Rabelais, Montaigne, or Pascal. I am quite sure that it is not worthy of that praise.

Humor and wit, unless fundamental, are hard things to judge in a generation different from that in which they were created. The best efforts of Artemus Ward, Petroleum V. Nasby and John Phoenix, pall on the modern reader. So, for the most part, does "Father Tom". Of course, there is in it that never to be forgotten recipe for punch.

I read this story earlier in my life. I enjoyed it then. When I came to do this paper I could not reconcile this work to the grave Tory who had revealed himself to me in his poetry and his antiquarian researches. On closer study and more thorough reading of his work, however, I find that "Father Tom" is

literally alive with Fergusonianisms. The love of argument for argument's sake, the sly little digs at his Catholic fellows, the sudden and unmotivated transitions, the poor paragraphing, the choice of words, the style in general are all that made up Samuel Ferguson in the decade of the 1830's.

GEORGE PETRIE.

December, 1839, *Dublin University Magazine*, Vol. 14, p. 638.

I have looked forward to reading this memoir. Petrie was one of the closest friends that Ferguson had, one that he admired much. What would he say about Petrie? Well, this essay shows clearly that Ferguson had no ability to evaluate the human elements in life. Ferguson knows nothing of the soul of man, and he is not at all concerned in seeking it out. This, I say, in spite of the fact that he wrote of Petrie in connection with Petrie's visits to the Irish homes:

> Here, too, he learned to know and love the people, a knowledge not inferior to that of the acts and monuments of their ancestors, and without which no amount of abstract information can ever enable, even a man of genius, to give his country the full benefits of his talents.

The only element in all of Petrie's life that appealed to Ferguson was that of the work he did. That work entranced Sir Samuel, and led him to detour, on two occasions, toward matter scarcely relevant.

I regret Ferguson's inability to see the soul of Petrie, who, more than any other writer of his time and class, saw the soul of the Irish people.

ANTIQUITY OF THE HARP AND BAGPIPE.

Dublin, 1840, *The Ancient Music of Ireland*, Edward Bunting.

Ferguson wrote Chapter III of Bunting's treatise of *Ancient Irish Music*. He did a good piece of work, well planned and carefully executed. He shows clearly the difference between tangible proof and intangible evidence. He sets the date of the Irish harp from actual evidence extant as of the Eleventh Cen-

tury. He adduces from intangible evidence and from literary remains, a date as early as the First Century of the Christian Era. By comparisons which are not stretched too far he connects the Irish harp with the harp of ancient Egypt. In doing all this, he calls upon the work of George Petrie to support his claims.

In writing of the Bagpipe, Ferguson makes a real contribution to popular knowledge. He refutes the statement that bagpipes were unknown to the Irish. His evidence is so conclusive that one is inclined to take his statement as final.

THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

January, 1840, *Dublin University Magazine*, Vol. 15, p. 112.

I knew it would not be long until Ferguson wrote something about *The Dublin Penny Journal*. He slipped so easily and insinuatingly into the subject when he was writing on Petrie a month ago.

This criticism is not a credit to Ferguson. It is poor in preparation and presentation. His tirade against the Irish Catholics appears as the expression of a phobia. Men possessed with phobias never make good critics. Ferguson, in this essay, refers to a criticism made against him in *Saunders News Letter*, for December 4, 1839. I did my best to get hold of this paper, but I could not find the news letter listed in any catalogue. I am sure it would have given us the impression Ferguson's contemporaries among the Whigs held of him.

ON THE CLASSIFICATION OF ANCIENT MILITARY WEAPONS FOUND IN IRELAND.

April, 1841, *Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy*, Vol. 2, p. 85.

There is no comment on this contribution other than a notation to the effect that Ferguson made such a communication to the Society. However, the fact that he wrote such an article shows the trend of his interests in Ancient Irish Materials.

CLARENDON ON THE HORSE.

February, 1843, *Dublin University Magazine*, Vol. 21, p. 187.

This is a review of the first part of: *An Examination into the True Seat and Extent of the Powers of the Horse*, Thomas Clarendon, Dublin, 1843.

This review is a wide departure from Ferguson's usual work. The article lacks interest and Ferguson knew it did, or else his editor did, for the review is cut short. It does illustrate again Ferguson's love for logical argument.

ORDNANCE MEMOIRE OF IRELAND.

April, 1844, *Dublin, University Magazine*, Vol. 23, p. 495.

This comment on the *Ordnance Memoire of Ireland* has no value today other than to show Ferguson's deep interest in the antiquities of Ireland. His concern is manifest in every sentence. Further, it reveals his character in that it shows the young Tory growing more Tory. He just aches to take a fling at his Whig opponents. Ferguson, at this stage of his literary work, suggests the snob more than the scholar.

MRS. HAMILTON GRAY'S WRITINGS ON ETRURIA.

November, 1844, *Dublin University Magazine*, Vol. 24, p. 527.

The books criticized are:

The History of Etruria, Part I, Mrs. Hamilton Gray, London, 1843, and *Tour to the Sepulchers of Etruria*, Mrs. Hamilton Gray, London, 1843.

In this work we find a nice distinction between a criticism of a book and a book review such as Ferguson made on Clarendon, on the Horse. This is real criticism. If it has a fault, the fault lies in its smugness. Ferguson can be too sure of some things. One is, that a woman is not fit to do scholarly writing; and another is, that no woman can ever become an antiquary; and a third is, that the field of antiquarian research is an open book to him. He nailed Skene to the cross in the Scotic controversy. Now he proceeds to immolate Mrs. Gray. That which is of interest to this paper is the clear, lucid, logical way he goes about it. This man was born for argument, just as he was a born Tory. His analytical mind works most freely in the maze

of intricate debate. His style has grown modern. He does not appear handicapped by any artificial limitations.

EUGÉNE SUE.

December, 1844, *Dublin University Magazine*, Vol. 24, p. 702.

Ferguson is now in his thirty-fourth year. We may consider his youth as past. I have built up a picture of this man of spreading mentality, I can't use the word genius. There is nothing of the genius about him. We have seen the man's point of view widen, and deepen; his reading broaden, his technique improve. We have felt that his sympathies toward his countrymen in general have been touched, yet always has he kept us aware of his antipathy toward the religion of the masses of mere Irish. Such an attitude of mind can be understood. When we identify Ferguson with his race and training the understanding comes to us more readily and we accept the man for what he is. Among other things, we have watched Ferguson develop antiquarian tendencies. He is well informed on the history and customs of the Irish race the world over. He is able, with the toss of the pen, to refute Mr. Skene in the latter's history of the Highland clans. He is well versed in the tortuous ways of historical research and so is able to ridicule, appropriately, Mrs. Hamilton Gray's works on Etruria. We are impressed by his knowledge.

Now he comes to write on Eugéne Sue. His purpose is to criticize the Frenchman's two famous works: *The Mysteries of Paris*, and *The Wandering Jew*. He gives us two pages of relevant introduction, eight pages of criticism on *The Mysteries of Paris*, one page on *The Wandering Jew*, and five pages of a denunciation of the Jesuit Association. When we recall St. Beuve's criticism of Sue, we are forced to admire Ferguson's courage in attacking the subject. But after all the critical aspect of the work does not bear so much on this thesis as does that which the work itself reveals.

I have praised Ferguson for his critiques of Mrs. Gray and Mr. Skene. I felt that the man showed a grasp, and a thorough grasp on the subject he criticized. In this paper on Sue, he leaves his subject and launches bravely into a criticism of the

Society of Jesus. His method is the same he used in his other two commendable cases. Here, however, I am on more familiar ground. I can say with surety that not one of the arguments Ferguson has used against the Jesuits amounts to any more than hearsay evidence. Not one. Such a situation has but little bearing on literature, but it has a great bearing on the integrity of the man who sets himself as an honest student of social customs, habits, and antiquities, in general. If Ferguson's newly acquired knowledge is likewise based on hearsay evidence, it is no wonder that he did not earlier assume the position of leadership in Irish literary affairs.

Of further interest, too, is the fact that Ferguson, the Victorian, should have been so taken in by Sue, the realist. Had Ferguson known Sue's reason for writing *The Wandering Jew*, he would have hesitated to use him as a point of departure for his attack on the Jesuits. Sue wrote *The Wandering Jew* because the Jesuits had severely condemned *The Mysteries of Paris*. The Jesuits condemned *The Mysteries of Paris* for exactly the same reasons that Ferguson objected to the book. I quote the following from Ferguson's own work: (*D. U. M.*, Vol. 24, p. 703.)

> Jaques Ferraud's propensities, too, are so openly exposed; and the terrible yet fascinating torments to which he is subjected, in the irritation of his gross desires by the tantalizing Cecile, is so excitingly delineated, that, to many minds, instead of a dreadful lesson and example, these scenes . . . are full of the risque of furnishing material for morbid contemplation and abominable prurience. This is a danger to which all exposures of sensual excesses are beset.

When a churchman condemns a book it is clerical domination, when a critic condemns the same book for the same purpose, it is literature.

A New Year's Epistle to Robert Gordon, M.D.
: January 1, 1845. This was never published until Lady Ferguson put it in her *Sir Samuel Ferguson in the Ireland of His Day*.

This poem is really a letter in verse. According to John O'Hagan, to whom Ferguson sent the original manuscript, Lady

Ferguson's version is not accurate. Lady Ferguson knew nothing about this poem until O'Hagan sent it to her.

The language is Northern dialect and the form is an accurate imitation of Burns. The material tells of the intimate dreams and fancies of two men, Gordon and Ferguson, over poetry, girls, and Ireland. Ferguson's hopes and love for Ireland are nobly expressed. In view of his recent critical work in the *Dublin University Magazine*, one must conclude that Ferguson's Ireland at that time was Ulster and no more. He will, however, outgrow the local prejudices and later in his *Adieu to Brittany*, he will extend his love to the race of the purer blood.

It is of interest to know that he was working on the poetry of Burns when this poetic letter was written. Thus the influence of Burns was immediate and contagious.

ROBERT BURNS.

January and March, 1845, *Dublin University Magazine*, Vol. 25, pp. 66 and 289.

In writing of Burns, Ferguson is all sympathy. It is clear that he is familiar with his material and friendly with his subject. He approaches the work in question by a wide introduction in which he sets forth a plea for a national poet of Ireland. He proceeds by many irrelevant detours which do not add particularly to the criticism of Burns. There are no Jesuits to scold, consequently, Ferguson can well become patronizing in his quiet condemnation of "the homely dogmatism of the unlettered Calvinistic clergy." In this connection he says: (*D. U. M.*, Vol. 25, p. 68.)

> Their affectation of a morose sanctimony might have provoked an allowable raillery from one, who was conscious how much the tranquility of the Church is promoted by the agreeable address of the clergy; but it could never justify that excessive ridicule which reaches at religion itself, past the follies of its professors.

I quote this to show the kindliness in Ferguson's nature and to emphasize his sympathy for the mere Scotch. I think, too, it may be quoted to illustrate the peculiar quirk in the man's mind

which prevented him from seeing anything good in the religion of the mere Irish. In this very article, a page and a half earlier, he speaks of Moore's failure to realize in Ireland the position Burns had won in Scotland, in these words:

> Many eyes and many eager affectionate hearts were once turned to Moore, in the hope that at last the hour had come and the man; but taste sickened and reedom dropped a tear, when we saw the ingenuous muse of the Melodies apprentice himself to the vile arts of a lying and spiteful theology.

Perhaps there was not enough tranquility in the Catholic Church for Ferguson.

One other point will serve to illustrate how Ferguson's Tory attitude was leading him toward a more complete snobbishness. On page 293, Volume 25, *Dublin University Magazine*, Ferguson regrets that "Burns' erotic temperament led him into excesses that eventually barred him from the best houses." While Burns confined himself to rustic liaisons, all was to be tolerated; but when he invaded the Tory precincts of Mrs. Scott, of Wauchop, well, that was a bitter thing, that must be frowned on. Was not Mrs. Scott worthy of something more personal to herself? This, mind you, is a criticism of a letter which was not written with a view to its subsequent publication. Ferguson did not always show discretion in his criticisms.

Poems by Elizabeth Barrett.

February, 1845, *Dublin University Magazine*, Vol. 25, p. 144.

If ever the work of a man's pen revealed his innermost life, this critique which Ferguson has made on Miss Barrett's poetry is a case in point. Ferguson stands before us now as the arch Tory, the true conservative, and the smug egotist of the Nineteenth Century Dublin. Let us read what he has written and then formulate our own picture.

He believed that, "the far-fetched thoughts and phrases had been thrust into *The Cry of the Children* to fill, here and there, its gaps of rhyme and reason." Think of it. This man who, up to the present time, has counted his syllables on his fingers and who has violated every rule of rime and rhetoric to make things

appear as poetry, this man has the temerity to criticize such a poem as *The Cry of the Children*, and to say that it is a pity that such an idea was deformed by singularities and conceits. Further on he says: (this on page 145) "Strained forms of speech, recondite analogies, elegant mannerisms, may entertain minds which have exhausted the ordinary sources of intellectual enjoyment," but, "they are not fit for the true poetry of the world of men and women which, in all its highest achievements, has been simple, unaffected, and direct." I find all of Ferguson's work affected to a painful degree. At least twenty-five percent of his verse lacks directness of speech. Fully half his verse is marred by strained rimes.

In criticising Miss Barrett's mystic drama, *Eden*, which appears in the same volume, Ferguson makes game of some of her stage directions. Personally I would no more think of criticising stage directions than I would the mathematical equations printed in a textbook, unless they happened to be the directions of Barrie or Shaw. Now, what Miss Barret has written down, was born of the imagination. There is real poetry in this utilitarian prose. There is symbolism. There is allegory. There is sheer beauty in it. At the end of the quotation which Ferguson inserts he writes: "Fiddle-faddle." The man who wrote *The Wet Wooing* and *Nora Boyle*, called such poetry Fiddle-faddle!

Ferguson says again (page 149):

> "In all poetry, there must be more hinted at, suggested, credited to the sympathies of the reader, than expressed."

This, of course, comes into the canon of good poetry and is most acceptable criticism, but since Ferguson mentioned it, let me add: that in all his verse he has not hinted at or suggested anything beyond the words he has actually set down. I can think of no one original poetical vision in any of the verse he has written up to the date he made this criticism.

Ferguson is bitterly opposed to the new school, the school of "new fangled phrases." "Shelley," he says, "is the parent of all these vices in modern English poetry. Scarcely ever is he merely verbally transcendental as Tennyson, and as the other

exaggerators of his school so often nowadays are." He "prefers the broad, strong sentiments of the elder poets," to the "fine curiosities of thought and feeling" such as Miss Barrett is striving to express. And going further, he writes, and incidentally this more than anything else shows why he failed to influence the modern Irish writers: "If she (Miss Barrett) prefers the fascination of what is mysterious and transcendental and the praises of a school, to the positive, though homely pleasure of calling up life's ordinary emotions in the hearts of honest, warm-hearted people, and to the approbation of plain students who care for little else, then we must reconcile ourselves to our loss and turn for our amends to our own young poets."

He could mean no other man but himself when he said he would have to turn to the younger generation. He had no time for the poets of *The Nation*. Mangan and De Vere were far too Catholic for him. Allingham had not yet appeared. The upshot of it all is that the next generation followed Miss Barrett, rather than Sir Samuel.

George Petrie's, Round Towers.

April, 1845, *Dublin University Magazine*, Vol. 25, p. 379.

This is a review of *Ecclesiastical Architecture of Ireland Anterior to the Anglo Norman Invasion, with an Essay on the Origin and Uses of the Round Towers*, George Petrie, Dublin, 1845.

In this essay Ferguson is on his own ground and revelling in the work of a man he admires. There are no Jesuits to coerce him, no female writers to annoy him. He builds up his article in such a way as to emphasize the antiquity of Irish Architecture, and in so doing, refutes Ledwich, Leland and Cox. Our admiration goes out to Ferguson for his zeal in setting Ireland straight before the Antiquarian World.

O'Connor's History of the Irish Brigade.

May, 1845, *Dublin University Magazine*, Vol. 25, p. 593.

This is a review of and an appreciation of *Military History of the Irish Nation*, Mathew O'Connor, Dublin, 1845.

In reviewing this book, Ferguson shows a real enthusiasm for the work in hand. He appreciates the inestimable value of

O'Connor's contribution to Irish history in that O'Connor presents the whole story of Irish soldiery abroad, neither in a repulsive way nor in a manner which was marked by extravagant pretensions. Ferguson, the patriot, applauds O'Connor's work. Ferguson, the antagonist of the Catholic Church, seasons the applause with bitterness. I am loath to harp on this phase of Sir Samuel's literary work. Once again I want to impress upon the reader that *what* Ferguson says or thinks or does in relation to the Irish religious question can have little bearing with the purpose of this thesis. But *how* he says it is frequently a different matter.

The man has set himself up as an antiquarian and a critic. Now I feel it my duty to point out just where he excels or fails in these two phases of his work as well as in his poetry and his prose writing. In this article he has given me occasion to question his judgment. I hold judgment to be a most important characteristic in the critic or the literary historian.

Ferguson throws the entire blame for the woes of the Irish army which served in Spain on "that wretched spirit of theological casuistry which no man can suffer to sway his conscience in times of action, and preserve his honor." Ferguson applauds O'Connor roundly for pointing out all this, and he longs for more O'Connors among his Catholic fellow citizens. Now what did O'Connor do? I am going to use the very quotation Ferguson used. O'Connor tells of fifteen hundred Irish conscripts, conscripts is the word he used, under the command of Sir Edward Stanly, an English Catholic, entrusted to the defense of Deventer. He says further on page 596 of this volume of the *Dublin University Magazine:*

> The Spaniards soon assailed the Catholic commander through the Jesuits. "The Dutch were heretics; and rebels; Elizabeth a persecutrix and excommunicate; Philip a Catholic King and lawful sovereign of Deventer." Seduced by such appeals, Stanly fell from his allegiance and his fair name and drew the Irish with him. They were easily persuaded: educated in no school of honor as their commander had been, they grasped with eagerness at the suggestion of national antipathy. They had been dragged by a forced levy from their homes to fight the battles of insurgents with whom they had no sympathies, against a people with whom they were united by a tradition of common

origin and the profession of the same creed. Their own wrongs and those of their country rankled in their hearts. They had seen the conflagrations of their homes and their harvests, the desolation of their plains and the usurpation of their lands, and the desecration of their altars by English adventurers who massacred their fathers and brothers, violated their wives and sisters and indulged in every species of military licentiousness.

And so on. Now who is the casuist? The Jesuit who is alleged to have made these men forget their fidelity to Elizabeth, or the critic who sees only this final *coup de ecârg* that started the mutiny?

Ferguson himself adds this line: "they (the Irish soldiers) unquestionably must have felt at home much more fighting side by side with their coreligionists and ancient allies."

This essay shows Ferguson to me in a very bad light. He has nothing of the rare gift of an eclectic philosopher. I repeat, his judgment is not sound; hence, his criticism must be weighed very carefully.

Betham's Etruria Celtica.

April, 1845, *Blackwood*, Vol. 57, p. 474.

After an introduction which clears acres and acres of ground, Ferguson launches into a criticism of *Etruria Celtica*, *Etruscan Literature and Antiquities Investigated*, etc., Sir William Betham, Dublin, 1842.

In no other essay has Sir Samuel shown such gusto in going after his prey. In the process of refutation, Ferguson reveals a wide scholarly knowledge of philological research. He annotates carefully every bit of evidence employed against Betham. With this critique he thoroughly entrenches himself in my estimation as a man firmly grounded in antiquarian research. In doing this, however, he discloses two weaknesses, a woeful lack of humor and an assertive ego.

The Welshmen of Tirawley.

September, 1845, *Dublin University Magazine*, Vol. 26, p. 308.

Ferguson comes back to his original poetry again with this

ballad which compares favorably, in epic proportions and interests, with any of the form in the English language. The work is vividly picturesque in its phraseology. It is rich in social values since it reveals by clear exposition the customs and the laws of an Irish clan. The narrative is well carried on.

As in *Mesgedra*, Ferguson writes of the old expectancy of the Christ to come, so here, he weaves in the expectancy of the Saxon deliverer, Oliver Cromwell. This I hold to be an artistic error, in that he permits his own wishes and hopes to impinge themselves on the philosophy and life of a people to whom they were unknown. But the ballad is well done. Its thoroughness of detail and execution lend it a certain sublimity, grim though it be.

Ferguson has done his best characterization here. The poem was reprinted several times.

A Letter to Henry Hallam, Esq.

November, 1845, *Dublin University Magazine*, Vol. 26, p. 628.

The purport of this open letter is to submit to Hallam and his committee on the selection of suitable personages to be memorialized in the new House of Lords, the name of Henry, Archbishop De Londres, of Dublin, for consideration in place of that of William, Archbishop of London. Ferguson brings forth proofs, ably and clearly detailed, that show Henry's official connection with the Government of King John. Hallam, in the next issue of the magazine (December, 1845, Vol. 26, p. 728) acknowledges this letter and compliments the writer for his scholarly presentation of facts. The result of the correspondence was that Henry of Dublin was included among the eighteen barons to be honored; but he displaced the Master of the Knights Templars, and not William of London.

Jerusalem.

September, 1845, *Dublin University Magazine*, Vol. 25, p. 266.

This review was called forth by the publication of *The Holy City*, Reverend George Williams, London, 1845. A long intro-

duction leads us eventually to some fine quibbling as to the exact location of Zion and the Valley of the Cheese Makers. Ferguson does not say that he was ever in Jerusalem, and I can find no record of his having been there so that he might speak with authority. I conclude that he draws upon previous publications for his material. One of the authorities he quoted dates in the Seventh Century.

Ferguson feels that the Anglican Chapel established in Jerusalem has come under the "monkish" influence. In an effort to prove that no concrete evidence of Christ's pilgrimage on earth remains, Sir Samuel spends sixteen pages in artful argument. On the strength of this poor dominie's work, the Reverend Mr. Williams is but a young man, Ferguson sees that: "the nominal Protestants of England are drifting away from the intellectual level of their companions. They must be brought back or driven from the fold of freedom to take up their quarters with our open antagonists." "Driven from the fold of Freedom!" What kind of freedom is it that forbids a man the right to express his opinion about the city in which he happens to reside? There is malignity in Ferguson's attack. I say this because in this very same article he berates a man in *The North British Review* for the want of temper in critical work.

Let me add one more extract from this essay which will throw a little confusion on Ferguson's reasoning powers. On page 276, he says: "The English, it must be owned, are very generally becoming superstitious, a natural consequence of too much luxury."

The Didactic Irish Novelists, Carleton and Mrs. Hall. December, 1845, *Dublin University Magazine*, Vol. 26, p. 737.

This review considers the following books:

Art Maguire, William Carleton, Dublin, 1845; *Rody the Rover*, William Carleton, Dublin, 1845; *Parra Sastha*, William Carleton, Dublin, 1845; and *The Whiteboy*, Mrs. S. C. Hall, London, 1845.

In this fifteen-page review Ferguson violates the elements of proportion right and left. In the midst of his criticism of *Art*

Maguire he leaves his subject to take up arms against the priesthood again. This I mention merely to ignore. His blindness in this respect has led him to misinterpret entirely the motive Carleton had in writing *Art Maguire.* In dealing with *Rody the Rover*, Ferguson shows the usual lack of humor noted before. He appears to be totally unable to catch the mere Irishman's point of view. His remarks on *Para Sastha* suggest to me that he knows nothing of the art of omitting unessential details when the artist tries to imitate actual life. His criticism of Mrs. Hall's book merely points out the inherent weakness of all English writers in presenting Irish material. Ferguson has shown no originality in this critique. It adds nothing to his prestige as a leader of Irish thought in a time when leaders were needed.

Article and Poem on Thomas Davis.

February, 1847, *Dublin University Magazine*, Vol. 29, p. 190.

If Lady Ferguson had not said that her husband wrote this article I never would have believed it. It is far from his style in technique, material, and argument. The author quotes two poems which he says are by Ferguson, and indeed they are. These poems: *To the Gentleman of the Nation*, and *The Lament for Thomas Davis*, are printed in quotation marks and are introduced as coming from the friend of the author. It is not like Ferguson to be mildly modest.

The Lament, however, appearing for the first time, is entirely worthy of comment. It is one of Ferguson's five best. It is essentially original and yet Gaelic in spirit and tone. It is the only time that Ferguson has ever come close to the heart of a man and, hence, is the only time when he has written a real lyric. *The Lament* is one of his most popular poems with the anthologists.

To the Gentlemen of the Nation I have referred to earlier. The sonnet is not significant as a literary contribution.

To Clarance Mangan.

May, 1847, *Dublin University Magazine*, Vol. 29, p. 623.

This poem is a true lyric in the sense that it reveals the soul

of the author. Thirty-two lines of himself he pours out to Mangan, as though to a father confessor. I hope that he will forgive me the allusion. Ferguson admits that Mangan's rimes are various, curious and odd. He admits that he is lost, often hopelessly, in the maze of Mangan's technique. He pays a tribute to the bards of Ireland and then doubts that he himself is of Irish blood. This is significant. Then he tells us that he does not care a button for New Ireland; no more for old; that he regards the whole National movement as nothing more than humbug.

In a poem, Ferguson reveals himself, and in doing so, he writes very acceptable verse.

ARCHITECTURE IN IRELAND.

June, 1847, *Dublin University Magazine*, Vol. 29, p. 693.

This is a review of *The Life of James Gandon*, T. Mulvany, Dublin, 1846. It contains a good discussion of the architecture of Dublin and vicinity, with a touch of historical criticism thrown in. I felt there was ample opportunity for Ferguson to attack the "priesthood" which had ravished the architecture of historic Ireland, but the "priesthood" in this case were composed of Right Honorables, Lords, and Earls, so Ferguson kept discreetly silent. His Tory soul just oozes out of his pen. His kings can do no wrong.

REEVES ECCLESIASTICAL ANTIQUITIES.

February, 1848, *Dublin University Magazine*, Vol. 31, p. 207.

This essay is a review of *Ecclesiastical History of Down and Connor*, Reverend William Reeves, Dublin, 1848. Again Ferguson is at home. He makes pleasant excursions toward subjects only hinted at in Dr. Reeves' book, but he makes them pertinent in the end. This book has been an influence on Ferguson. It was written by a man whom he admires, a friend who will later pay Ferguson a great honor and tribute. One can see the critic here mellowed by friendship. One can see him deep in the material in which he is going to work when he writes *Congal*. Ferguson, the appreciative antiquarian, places Dr. Reeves in the same class with O'Donovan and Curry, not

that the work merits it, but that the nature of the work should and must be emphasized. The entire criticism takes on the dignity of one without too great prejudices.

THE ANNALS OF THE FOUR MASTERS.

March and May, 1848, *Dublin University Magazine*, Vol. 31, pp. 359 and 571.

A review of *The Annals of Ireland, from the Original of the Four Masters*, John O'Donovan, Dublin, 1848. This is Ferguson in a genial mood. The work of O'Donovan is the work Ferguson loves. In all this Sir Samuel sees no occasion to find fault with the scholarship of the author. Although Ferguson digresses more than usual, he says more of value in his digressions. Once he writes a paragraph of great importance to this paper. On page 580 of Volume 31 of the *Dublin University Magazine*, he says:

> We cannot, therefore, at all sympathize with those who complain of their lot being cast too late or too early. On the contrary, we deem it highly fortunate that we are too far separated from the "mere Irish" times to make the revival of the language, the laws, the customs of the old natives in the remotest degree possible. Scholars are, at the same time near enough to them to lay their hands at will on their characteristics, to surround themselves to any extent with their influences, almost ad libitum, in moulding the coming age. It is the very time for men of a large and noble ambition in letters to live in Ireland; all danger of relapse into barbarism is past, all risk of denationalization still before them, and still strong enough nobly to employ their faculties in encountering and overthrowing it. If this generation do its duty, that which follows us will be far removed from Celtic rudeness on the one hand, as it will be free from any likeness to Anglican effete refinement on the other. A new root of society has been planted, and a new flower of civilization is yet to bloom, in this Western world. It has been bathed with tears, and nourished under sighs; but, by God's favor, it will yet send its perfume down all the avenues of time.

I hardly think this needs much comment. He sounds a call. He makes a prophecy. Today, his prophecy has come much nearer to fulfillment. He grasped an idea, but it was not the comprehensive idea that Douglas Hyde was to body forth.

Ferguson was too much of a West Briton, too far removed in sympathy from the mere Irish, to dream the dream that Hyde and his followers have wrought into being. Ferguson's own generation was at work, but Sir Samuel could not judge its significance because it dabbled too much with Catholic mysticism. But Protestant Yeats and Ultonian Russell and Agnostic Synge were able to see the possibilities and they gave impetus to a movement, which though not as conceived by Ferguson, has turned the tide toward Ferguson's prophecy.

This essay we are now discussing includes a summary of Ferguson's antipathy to the mere Irish. To be sure he has mellowed considerably. The complaint that he has continually lodged against the Irish "without the Pale", is that they have never been grateful for being conquered. England has given them a constitution, a thing of beauty and a joy to all mankind. These stupid people cannot appreciate England's civilization. When they resent being conquered, they are called rebels. If the sweetness of the English constitution cloys their souls and they seek self-articulation, they are traitors. After all it is only the villainy and mediocrity of the priesthood that is responsible for all their ills.

Ferguson is indeed a strange man. In some of his antiquarian researches he has found that the Irish on their native heath never knew sickness. They took to their beds only when death, in the course of nature, came to them. Unless these people were taken off in war they invariably lived to an old age. Ferguson has written of the eminent fairness of the Brehon laws. Yet he would insist that they give up all this willingly for the benefits of the English Constitution. Is this man politically blind to all the virtues of the Irish and the vices of the English? Think of it, while he was writing this, and for two years previous, Ireland was starving. Two millions of people perished, not so much from the failure of the potato crop, as from the demoniacal stupidity of the men couched and reared in the embrace of this perfect English Constitution. Of course, the Irish committed outrages. Of course, the English were always just. Ferguson would have it that way. He never wrote in bitter denunciation of the British Government. But here is a man crying for a

national poet. Here is a man sighing for a leader to impart culture to the masses. And yet, he, most able of his contemporaries, stands aside while Ireland's heart is torn in two; he fails, refuses to extend the compassion, the heartfulness, that one would extend to a suffering dog. His failure to achieve greatness as a poet is directly due to his inability to understand the inarticulate sounds of human misery.

DUBLIN, A POEM, IN IMITATION OF THE THIRD SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

January, 1849, *Dublin University Magazine*, Vol. 34, p. 102.

This is a gentleman's protest of the progress of the British Government in Ireland. Satire? Yes. But a milk and water kind. There is nothing here that would draw down on Ferguson the anger of the Vice Regal Lodge. Such Irishmen who were not skilled in the art of Juvenal and Swift, and Ferguson is not so skilled, would take up arms against the sea of troubles. These men Ferguson would call rebels or Catholic dupes.

A sample of his rime in this poem will speak for itself:

> Or giving sittings at so much per day
> As Mulligan to Mr. Thackery.

NINEVEH.

April, 1849, *Dublin University Magazine*, Vol. 33, p. 412.

A review of *Nineveh and Its Remains*, Austen Henry Layard, London, 1849. After a three and one-half page introduction in which Ferguson leaves little to imagine as to the exact amount of his own knowledge of Archaeology, he proceeds to pick out the salient features of Layard's work and comment on them. Ferguson is interested in such work at this time. He, himself, is digging into Irish mounds and raths, and he is wondering about Ogham writing. Hence, he is particularly keen in his analysis of Layard's remarks on excavations and cuneiform inscriptions. Ferguson does not give Layard much credit for his theories. He calls this representative of the British Museum, a man of little learning. He does give him credit, though, for the manner in which he has performed his task and for his industry in making the excavations.

INHERITOR AND ECONOMIST.

May, 1849, *Dublin University Magazine*, Vol. 33, p. 638.

This is a poetic dialogue which is chiefly concerned with the case of the landlords. The Economist enunciates the doctrine of Free Trade. The Inheritor defends agricultural Ireland which suffers from the English policy of Free Trade. Ferguson introduces the poor laws. His love for argument puts the material of this poem on the danger line between poetry and prose. I have quoted from this poem in an earlier chapter.

RUSKIN'S, SEVEN LAMPS OF ARCHITECTURE.

July, 1849, *Dublin University Magazine*, Vol. 34, p. 1.

This is a criticism of *The Seven Lamps of Architecture*, John Ruskin, London, 1849. In this criticism, Ferguson objects to Ruskin's choice of mystical numbering and figurative terminology. He objects, too, to the flamboyant and rococo passages. There is a vast difference in taste between these two men. In spite of all of Ruskin's pleadings, Ferguson passes up all the Romanesque and Gothic in favor "of the clear, plain, spacious, and majestic school of architecture in which our youth has been educated, and with which all the remains of our country's prosperity and splendour are associated." Those of us who are familiar with Victorian architecture will know how much this tells of Ferguson's taste. He tells us he has no time for the art of the stained glass window. More interesting, still, is his statement here on page 1, of this review, that the Poem is strictly a work wholly of the intellect.

Ferguson is an insular Englishman. When he reads about Saint Mark's cathedral, he invariably thinks of Saint Martin's-in-the-Field.

FERGUSSON ON FORTIFICATIONS.

August, 1849, *Dublin University Magazine*, Vol. 34, p. 243.

This is a notice of, *An Essay on a Proposed New System of Fortification, with Hints for its Application to Our National Defenses*, James Fergusson, London, 1849. It is quite remarkable how well informed Sir Samuel is on subjects quite remote from his special interests. There is one thought in this that is worthy of com-

ment: In 1849 Sir Samuel was quite hopeful of the success of hammered iron substituting for masonry in fortifications.

HUNGARY.

September, 1849, *Dublin University Magazine*, Vol. 34, p. 292.

This poem which was written on August 22, 1849, adds nothing of value to the body of English literature. It reads as if it were the result of an inspiration. The lack of revision and the presence of so many technical errors suggest that the author published this hot from his pen. He republished this in 1880.

PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY, THE AIR.

November, 1849, *Dublin University Magazine*, Vol. 34, p. 497.

This constitutes some remarks occasioned by the publication of, *The Physical Atlas*, Alexander Keith Johnson, London, 1849. Ferguson is entirely out of his element in this work. He has no opinion on the questions of physical geography. He has no imagination sufficient to conjure up the possibilities of "the air." Strangely enough he appears to have been taken in by a few apparently well planned hoaxes.

FALLACIES OF THE FALLACIES.

December, 1849, *Dublin University Magazine*, Vol. 34, p. 640.

A review of, *Popular Fallacies Regarding General Interests*, Frederick M. Bastiat, London, 1849. Ferguson's lack of humor sends him looking for "a parity of reason" among arguments of any kind. Ferguson here tries his hand again at fencing with satirical weapons. There is not the making of a good sword in his satire.

IRISH TOURISTS: GIRALDUS CAMBRENSIS.

January, February, and March, 1850, *Dublin University Magazine*, Vol. 35, pp. 1, 192, and 383.

In this essay, Ferguson takes into consideration the many translations of the manuscripts of Giraldus Cambrensis and he comments on them in passing. This work offers him a wide scope for airing his antiquarian knowledge. Not content with this, Ferguson argues a brief against Pope Adrian IV. Reading Ferguson's article along with that of Archbishop Lynch on the same

subject, one can easily detect the ever present fallacy in Ferguson's arguments. He is selective in his method and his selections produce only half-truths. Such a critic is dangerous in any field.

THE SIEGE OF DUNBEG.

February, 1850, *Blackwood*, Vol. 67, p. 153.

Ferguson returns to fiction. 1850 marks, in a way, the high tide of English fiction, as far as the 19th Century goes. The decade of the 50's was the great decade of the English Novel. Everywhere the art of storytelling had achieved a new finesse. Ferguson has caught but little of this trend. This story before us shows some improvement on his earlier efforts, but not what we have a right to expect after twelve years of critical work and reviewing. There is something very hard about the shell of Ferguson's literary soul. It is impervious to influence either good or bad. One can see in his criticisms how he prides himself on his conservative tastes. This tale reveals how he sticks closely to the atmosphere and tone of the age of Queen Anne. He alleges in public utterance that he is looking for the interpreter of Ireland. In this story, he throws what little sympathy he is able to create all on the British invaders. He complains again and again in his criticisms of English misrepresentation of Irish character; yet, for the sake of what little humor there is in this story, he ridicules the mere Irish unmercifully. Straining for coincidence, one of his earlier faults, still clings to him. As for characterizations: the stuffed sentries which lined the battlements of Dunbeg are as alive as the men who, in the story, stuffed them.

A RUMMAGE REVIEW.

November, 1850, *Dublin University Magazine*, Vol. 36, p. 567.

Ferguson criticises the work of thirteen men in this review. The work shows the usual lack of planning for he has violated proportion again. Some get as many as four pages out of the sixteen that this article occupies, and some get only a quarter of a page.

FESTUS.

Philip James Bailey, London, 1850.

In this Ferguson stops to praise Milton in an admirable para-

graph. Then he hastens to damn Bailey. If I had taken the time to criticise the irrelevant details of Ferguson's poetry, as he has criticised the inconsequential details of Baily's, this paper would now be in its 7th Volume. It will always remain a mystery to me why Ferguson who wrote such good criticism on rime could himself write such impossible rime. He pleads so forcefully for the true poetic figures and yet he, himself, has left no figures. In essence, Ferguson's critique of Baily is accurate and he may well enjoy the laugh on Tennyson, Dickens, and Bulwer-Lytton for their rich and extravagant praise for a work now so long forgotten. Yet no critic can claim any remarkable record of perfection in writing about contemporary authors.

Poems, Original and Translated.

W. G. T. Baxter, London, 1850.

Of Baxter, Ferguson says: "In the circle of currency, the coin exists not minute enough to represent your value in exchange."

Egeria, or the Spirit of Nature and Other Poems.

Charles Mackay, London, 1850.

Ferguson welcomes this "fine hearted, honest fellow." He compares Mackay with Longfellow and Beranger, and Mackay does not suffer in the comparison. The reason that Ferguson thinks so well of Mackay may reveal a bit of Sir Samuel's character: Mackay "reads an admirable lesson to the whole tribe of mystics." Ferguson has no time for mysticism in religion or art. But that is not all. Mackay preaches, A man's a man for a' that, and Honest poverty is no disgrace, and, There is something better worth having than money, and all the other well remembered Victorian platitudes. Platitudes were manna to Sir Samuel.

Aurora, and Other Poems.

Mrs. H. R. Sandbach, London, 1850.

Here Ferguson makes a friendly gesture toward Mrs. Sandbach by picking out two or three simple little poems and characterizing them as having power, tenderness, and grace. He finishes by hoping that the lady will do better things.

THE POETICAL WORK OF JOHN STRUTHERS, WITH AUTOBIOGRAPHY.
London, 1850.

In two pages of extracts and criticisms, Ferguson dismisses Struthers as a tedious, irreverent, Sabbath poet who said he was going to speak of wisdom but who failed to speak wisdom itself. Some few comments on Burns come into this.

RUIN OF MANY LANDS.
Nicholas Mitchell, London, 1850, 2nd Edition.

Ferguson likes Mitchell who, he says, was not an accurate antiquarian, a critical historian, or a poet of power. His fondness for him comes undoubtedly from Mitchell's choice of material and form. Of this form, this aa, bb, cc, etc. on to infinity, Ferguson says: The measure and cadence are monotonous. Yet Ferguson will do *Congal*, his longest poem, in the same measured verse.

WILD FLOWERS FROM GERMANY.
Francis de Bourdieu, London, 1850.

Ferguson quotes enough of *The Rose of Heldesheim* to permit him this comment: "The Captain is no friend to monastic institutions any more than ourselves." Remember, here speaks a man who would present to the world the influence the monastic orders of Ireland had on Continental culture. Is such a man sympathetic enough with his materials to carry on such a work? No wonder he failed in that effort.

THE WRONGS OF POLAND, A POEM IN THREE CANTOS.
William Charles Kent, London, 1850.

Sir Samuel complains about the length of this poem. He holds that a work of such epic proportions cannot be made popular or acceptable, even to the more discerning class of readers. Yet, twenty-two years later published *Congal* in five books. Strange man, this.

THOUGHTS FROM THE INNER CIRCLE.
John Alfred Langford, London (no date).

This work is curtly dismissed. It appears to contain sentiments

that are philanthropic, principles, democratic, and performances molded on the poetry of Tennyson and Browning.

POEMS.

William Allingham, London, 1850.

In later years, Allingham and Ferguson became fast friends. It was of interest to me, then, to see how Ferguson would welcome this new writer of verse. Sir Samuel is pleased that the scenery of *The Music Master* is laid in Ireland, that the actors are the humble Irish, and that the author has avoided the vulgar peculiarities of diction so prevalent in English literature. Ferguson then speculates as to who this Allingham really is. He says: "The only political allusions in the volume savor more of contempt for, than of sympathy in, Irish matters, an ill advised avowal in one so well entitled to the name of poet; a name never yet worthily borne by anyone indifferent to the patriotic sentiment." I wonder if Ferguson knew his own shortcomings.

GOETHE, A NEW PANTOMIME.

Edward Kenealy, London, 1850.

Sir Samuel will not allow the sweet taste left in his mouth by Allingham to be violated by the work of Kenealy, so, he waves Goethe aside.

RUSKIN'S, STONES OF VENICE.

September, 1851, *Dublin University Magazine*, Vol. 38, p. 253.

A review of *The Stones of Venice*, John Ruskin, London (no date). The introduction to this essay shows Ferguson to be devoid of any imaginative powers. He complains of the arbitrary exactions with which Mr. Ruskin deduces all parts of a building with exactness. He holds that Ruskin's reasoning faculty has failed in many cases, and he objects to his classifying as phantasms all architectural peculiarities outside of the limitations of his rule. Ferguson is dead set against allowing Ruskin any more credit than to say he is a Genius.

Sir Samuel is of an entirely different school from Ruskin and at times he matches arguments with Ruskin with admirable skill, but the whole essay is too full of Ferguson's erudition. It can hardly be called a good criticism of Ruskin's book.

THE CELTO-SCYTHIC PROGRESSES.

March, 1852, *Dublin University Magazine*, Vol. 39, p. 277.

A review of, *The Bardic Accounts of the Early Invasions of Ireland by the River-Ocean of the Greeks*, Anonymous, Dublin, 1850.

Ferguson gives place and encouragement to the theory that the River-Ocean of the Greeks was indeed a waterway from the Euxine to the Hyperborean Seas. He discusses the geological evidences of this fact at great length. Fortunately he arrives at no conclusion. The main part of the critique, however, is concerned with the business of pointing out the common cradle of the Celtic and Saxon races. He also makes an effort to discourage attempts at founding historic theories on trivial resemblances in philology.

Ferguson's knowledge of classical literature is impressive. In this paper, moreover, he, for the first time, pays a tribute to America.

CHESNEY, ON ARTILLERY AND FIRE ARMS.

April, 1852, *Dublin University Magazine*, Vol. 39, p. 447.

A review of, *Observations on the Past and Present State of Fire Arms and on the Probable Effect in War of the New Muskets;* etc., Colonel Chesney, London, 1852. Ferguson here is a real sturdy Britisher viewing with alarm the sad plight into which the Royal Artillery as pictured by Colonel Chesney, has fallen. This essay has no bearing on Ferguson's Irish contribution. It does, however, show to good advantage his scientific acumen. He makes several prophecies which the course of time has seen fulfilled. Several others were never realized.

CLONMACNOISE, CLARE, AND ARAN. In two Parts.

January and April, 1853, *Dublin University Magazine*, Vol. 14, pp. 79 and 492.

I would like well to linger over this essay, but I doubt if the time spent would serve the purposes of this thesis. I have intimated from time to time such books as have had an influence on Ferguson, such incidents as have changed his philosophy of life. This essay which is a record of his vacation in Aran and Clare in the year 1852, marks a change in Sir Samuel's attitude toward the

men from the Western World. It is true that he does not yet understand the motives which prompt the manifestations of Irish faith, but he has come in close contact with the hearts of the People. In Aran he lived with the widow O'Flaherty. (Was she a progenitor of Liam?) His wife was with him. And so were Petrie and Stokes and Wilde and Eugene O'Curry. He heard the Irish music and Irish prayers in Irish homes. He tramped over the ground held sacred by these simple people because it had been sanctified by Irish saints. He studied the pagan duns and the ancient monastic cells. He heard the Atlantic boom out its dirge for the men of yesterday. He found in the souls of the peasants a gentility and a nobleness born of life's severest discipline. He came at last to understand the Gaelic heart. Never again will he scold these people for their blindness in their devotion to the Soggart. Never again will he regard their fellows in faith as dupes for an imbecile priesthood. He who always bore himself kindly to the individual, no matter what his religion, is now able to bring himself to love a community of hearts. It is to be regretted that all this came to him at a time when he was unable to give his best efforts to literature. His antiquarian interests were dominating him now. He would yet do his greatest poetry, but it would be the material of the legend he would work in and not the material of the people. Further comment from me seems useless. Here, in this article, Ferguson wrote his best prose. From this day on, he faced in another direction.

ARCHYTAS AND THE MARINER.

April, 1853, *Dublin University Magazine*, Vol. 41, p. 506.

This poem is a translation from Horace. It has no bearing on the Irish literature whatever. It merely serves to show again Ferguson's classical background.

This translation was the result of an inspiration he had while he was visiting the Island of Aran in 1852.

NINEVEH.

January 1853, *Dublin University Magazine*, Vol. 41, p. 741.

A review of, *Discoveries in the Ruins of Nineveh and Babylon, etc., the Results of a Second Expedition*, Austen H. Layard, London, 1853.

In this long tedious critique, Ferguson shows little more respect for the results of Layard's Second Expedition, than for his first. He frankly states that Layard speculates too much on too little margin of fact. Sir Samuel includes, in passing, a sharp, acrid criticism on the work of James Fergusson, *The Palaces of Nineveh and Persepolis Restored*, London, 1851. Sir Samuel is distinctly annoying in his pragmatic attitude.

THE LOYAL ORANGEMAN.

Written about 1860. Never Published. It circulated in manuscript among his friends. Printed for the first time in Lady Ferguson's, *Sir Samuel Ferguson in the Ireland of his day*. London, 1896, Vol. 1, p. 213.

This poem in five stanzas of ragged verse of the dialect of Northern Ireland does not read today with the ease and humor it once did. There is ample testimony that, when it was written, it was fresh, racy, and original. Bishop Reeves, of Down and Connor, told Ferguson the story of an Orangeman who had, when a little under the weather, fallen into the slush of a bog. He cried for help. A neighbor ran to his aid, and with much difficulty, and no little risk, rescued him. When the Orangeman recognized his neighbor as a Catholic, he said: "Put me back. I'll not be beholden to a Papist." There is no doubt as to the fidelity of Ferguson's characterization.

THE CROMLECH ON HOWTH.

A poem by Sir Samuel Ferguson, Q.C., M.R.I.A. with illustrations from the Books of Kells and of Durrow, and drawings from nature by M. L. S. (Margaret L. Stokes), With notes on Celtic Ornamental Art, Revised by George Petrie. London, 1861.

The Cromlech on Howth, is a poem which appears later in Ferguson's work as *Aideen's Grave*. Ferguson has changed the pattern of the stanza. He permits enjambment in both. The rime is not good. The notes and comments in this book make the publication of real bibliographical value to students of Celtic Art.

This poem has received extravagant criticism from Stephen Gwynn, but I feel that, while there is a melancholy throughout

the piece, it lacks a perfection which we have a right to expect from a man of Ferguson's experience. He is not the master of the English tongue that Gwynn says he is.

THE SINKING OF THE MONITOR.

December 31, 1862.

This occasional poem written as a tribute to the men who were lost in going to the rescue of the crew of the sinking *Monitor*, attracted some attention in the United States. It was, according to Alfred Williams, published here in this country. I can find no trace of it in our standard periodicals. Ferguson included it in his volume of poems edited in 1880.

It is perhaps the very worst sample of poetry I have ever found in the collected verse of any accepted writer. The meter is variable and limping. The rimes tax the ingenuity of an expert to classify. Here are a few for general inspection: Federal and Pertel; Batteries and Hatteras; Hurricane and American; Hampton and tramped on; cutter and rudder.

ADIEU TO BRITTANY.

Written in 1863 after a trip Ferguson had taken to Brittany for the purpose of studying some archaeological remains. It has been reprinted many times. Here is a work that must give us pause. It bears out my statement made after I read *Clonmacnoise Clare and Aran*. The old *Dublin University Magazine* days behind him, Ferguson feels free to be himself. His journeys into the homes of the people have led him into their hearts. Manifestly this is the work of a man who loves Patrick and Brigid. It comes to me that in this poem Ferguson acknowledges that Ireland's misery might be due, in a great measure, to English stupidity. Again I regret that the removal of this prejudice had not occurred earlier.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

September, 1863, *Blackwood*, Vol. 94, p. 346.

Sir Samuel attends Divine Service in Westminster. He lets his mind wander to the builders of the great cathedral. He follows the congregation down the ages. All are gone, but the word of

God still goes up to Heaven again in Prayer. And after all, the men who build the little church, the men who hear the humbler word, they stand in equality before the God of all. This is the one bit of verse which brings to us a reading of life from the pen of Ferguson.

On Certain Inscribed Stones at Loc Mariaquer, Brittany. November 9, 1863, *Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy*, Vol. 8, pp. 398 and 451.

It has been twenty years since Ferguson has communicated officially with the R.I.A., yet in all that time his interest in Archaeology has led him into fertile fields. There is no savor of nationality in these papers. Ferguson has develpped admirable scientific methods of procedure and it appears that his devotion to detail and to methodology has led him to discover some remains of carvings which had been entirely overlooked. That these carvings will form a valuable contribution to the study of Ogham inscriptions, goes without saying.

Ferguson shows great restraint in his archaeological work. He is a keen observer, a man of fruitful suggestions, and, above all, most hesitant in drawing conclusions. This work has but little bearing on Irish literature, but he does show definitely the type of mind of the man who has essayed so much in Irish letters. Ferguson has developed and ripened with age.

Our Architecture.

Delivered as a Lecture in 1864. Published in London, 1867.

What Ferguson lacked in the technical knowledge of architecture, he made up through keenness of observation. He was also possessed of a fair appreciation of form and proportion. Ferguson was most happy doing descriptions, especially when he was not handicapped by too many technical facts. He had his own conservative ideas about what architecture should be. He insisted on scaling every bit of architecture by his standard. He had no love for stained glass windows. He held in contempt everything Gothic. He was thoroughly English in his devotion to the work of Inigo Jones and Sir Christopher Wren. On the other hand, he regarded lightly the contemporary architecture of

England. He was not in sympathy with the mystic, but favored, rather, the Roman Doric.

All this Ferguson had stated earlier in his life. Now in this essay, which is only a reprint of his Afternoon Lecture of 1864, he reiterates his preference for but two kinds of architecture: Classic or Regular, and Renaissance or Palladian. The entire essay reveals the conservative qualities of the man. It reveals more—the fact that he is hopelessly English.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE OGHAM INSCRIPTIONS IN THE CAVE AT RATH CROGHAN, COUNTY ROSCOMMON.

November 14, 1864, *Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy*, Vol. 9, p. 160.

This work is of utmost interest to students of scientific and historical method. The exposition is clear and the text is well illustrated. I am not at all convinced of Ferguson's conclusions in entirety; but he does impress me with his scholarly honesty and his patient industry.

Ferguson has a peculiar perspective of antiquity. He is writing in 1864. He regards as significant the fact that as long ago as 1838 there was a tradition extant which would substantiate an O'Donovan theory. This paper is valuable to students of philology.

OWEN BAWN.

This poem was not published until the appearance of, *The Lays of the Western Gael*. In this Ferguson goes back to the days when the Anglo-Norman invaders went native. He has found there a love song which he has adapted in his best style to modern English. His sympathy is with the mere Irish here.

He has given us one good swinging line in this poem:

> Away to Tir-oën, then, Owen away.

THE TAIN QUEST.

1865, *The Lays of the Western Gael*.

Ferguson has given us more than mere poetry in this poem and in many others in this volume of the *Lays*. He has prefaced the verse dealing with legendary material with interesting introductions that sketch in for us a familiar background.

In this story, Sir Samuel weaves his Ogham lore into the popular tradition that told of the loss of *The Tain.* Ferguson's lines tell of the recovery of the story again, through the efforts of the son of the Royal Bard. There is originality and feeling in this poem.

THE ABDICATION OF FERGUS MACROY.

1865, *The Lays of the Western Gael.*

This is the story of the king who gave up his throne, his birthright, his all, for a woman. Sir Samuel tells it so coldly, with so little coloring of passion, that we may well think of his giving up merely one brand of cigars for another. Throughout the poem, one finds the sharp wit of the lawyer. The legal phraseology is strict and to the point. But the atmosphere is Saxon. The language is Saxon. Ferguson has missed much in this poem, but he has done better here than in the average.

THE BURIAL OF KING CORMAC.

1865, *The Lays of the Western Gael.*

Another interesting introductory note sets us on our way. This story tells of the King who would defy the Druids, who would be buried apart from the pagan Kings. He would put his faith in a God not made by the hands of men. When Cormac died, his soldiers, forgetting his enmity to the Druids decided to bury him in the Royal Beds of Brugh. Fate and a Fergusonian storm bring the body to the Christian cemetery of Rossnaree.

Ferguson's best stanza appears in this poem:

> 'Twas brave, when now a spear-cast out,
> Breast-high the battling surges ran;
> For weight was great, and limbs were stout,
> And loyal man put trust in man.

GRACE O'MALLEY.

1865, *The Lays of the Western Gael.*

This story is built on the legends that sprang up around the struggle of the English to reclaim those old Anglo-Norman families which went Irish. Ferguson's sympathy here goes out

to the native religion which Grace adopted. His rimes are bad; such as palace with galleys, and nature with courtier. But the poem is long and one can forget an occasional fall from grace when one can find a few strong stanzas such as this poem affords.

THE LAPFUL OF NUTS.

1865, *The Lays of the Western Gael.*

One of his best translations. He was happy here in the choice of his material. With one touch of the revising hand, Ferguson could have made this the perfect poem; but Ferguson did not revise.

THE DEAR OLD AIR.

1865, *The Lays of the Western Gael.*

This is a translation of an 18th Century Irish song. We can hardly hold Ferguson responsible for the halt in this measure.

THE DEATH OF DERMID.

1865, *The Lays of the Western Gael.*

With an illuminating introductory note, Ferguson begins this story. He proceeds in good blank verse to tell the tale of Dermid, one of the most tragic in all Irish legend. Ferguson is so mild, so delicate in his expression that we think of the style as being more appropriate for cock robin, than for the unfortunate lover of Grania.

THE HEALING OF CONALL CARNACH

1865, *The Lays of the Western Gael.*

A long poem well introduced, with a clear note on the materials from which the story is drawn. The measure of the poem is even, to the point of monotony. Ferguson knows nothing of the art of accidental breaking in pattern which might perhaps relieve the dull uniformity. The internal rime, though lacking sufficient variation, is well handled. The narrative is, by far, his best. It is marked by a rapidity of movement and the elimination of useless details.

HOPELESS LOVE.

1865, *The Lays of the Western Gael.*

The material is reminiscent of the Irish exile. The form is patternless. For the first time Ferguson has used the three-line stanza, a-a-a. In the third stanza he drops into four lines, and then returns again to the three-line stanza in the fourth and last.

THE ORIGIN OF THE SCYTHIANS.

1865, *The Lays of the Western Gael.*

This poem is exceptionally well done. It is a version of the story which Herodotus tells of the migrations out of Asia-Minor. The material evidently came under Ferguson's notice when he was reviewing a book on, *The Celto-Scythic Progresses*, in 1852. He may have written it at that time but I find no record of it until the publication noted above.

THE INVOCATION.

1865, *The Lays of the Western Gael.*

This is an adaptation from Lucretius. It constitutes an exercise outside of Ferguson's chosen material.

TO FREDERICK WILLIAM BURTON.

Inscribed in a copy of the "*Lays of the Western Gael*, in 1865; and published only in Lady Ferguson's *Life*.

This sonnet carries with it some significance. Ferguson admits in this poem that he has failed to reproduce in English the wild Celtic strain of the originals from which he adapted the material of the *Lays of the Western Gael*. Yet again he reveals his smugness and complacency when he considers these poems worthy of a favorable reception.

BY THE ISIS.

Written January 1, 1865, and addressed to the Reverend A. G. Livingstone, a relative, then living in Oxford. This poem was first published in *Poems*, 1880.

It purports to be a vision of Anglicism in Rome. In reality it is a poetic exercise in fourteen stanzas employing, as material, a little history, a few local terms, and an unimportant question which remains unanswered.

On A Passage in the Anglorum Historia of Henry of Huntingdon Relative to Stonehenge.

January 9, 1865, *Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy*, Vol. 9, p. 193.

Henry of Huntingdon, writing of the marvels of Britain says: "The second marvel is at Stonehenge where stones of amazing bigness are raised in the manner of Gateways, so that gateways appear erected over gateways; nor can anyone find out by what contrivance stones of such great size have been raised to such a height." The picture that Henry saw had not been observed by many others. The result was that translators of Henry wrote down: "ita ut portae portis superpositae vidiantur," as: "so that, as it were, gateways were seen erected over gateways." Ferguson hastens to defend Henry's observations that gateways did rise over gateways. Ferguson studied the remains closely and found evidences of mortises and tennons in the fallen stones, and imposts in the stones still standing. Ferguson's conclusion is the most important contribution in this paper. He does not worry over the misunderstanding of Henry's Latin. He deduces from the evidence at hand, that there did exist a gateway over a gateway; that Stonehenge was built from an Eastern model. Hence, it existed prior to the Roman occupation, and possibly even before the Celtic invasion.

On The Rudiments of the Common Law Discoverable in the Published Portion of Senchus Mor.

February 11, 1867, *Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy*, Vol. 24, p. 83, Polite Literature and Antiquities.

In this work, Ferguson does a far more scholarly exposition of Brehon Law than he did in 1837. He dates Senchus Mor at 441 A.D. He sets back the dates of Brehon Law far enough to refute, once and for all, that they were influenced by the Church, or any decadent Norman Feudalism. On the other hand, he offers many illustrations as to how the Celtic Law influenced the British Constitution. For instance he cites the creation of The Hundred, usually attributed to Alfred. This Hundred has always existed in Wales, even prior to the Saxon invasion.

This paper is a real appeal to students of manners and customs

to be fair in their investigations, and suggests to them to read from Irish original sources, rather than from the 15th and 16th Century libelers and detractors.

LORD ROMILLY'S PUBLICATIONS.

April 1868, *The Quarterly Review*, Vol. 124, p. 423.

It is a mature and dignified Ferguson who writes the reviews of Cogadh Gaedhil ne Gallaibh (The War of the Gael with the Gaul), James Henthorne Todd, published under the direction of the Master of the Rolls, London, 1867; and, Chronicon Scotorum, A Chronicle of Irish Affairs from the earliest times to A.D. 1135, William M. Hennessy, published under the direction of the Master of the Rolls, London, 1866.

The critical exposition here is clear and constructive. The critic not only shows a keen appreciation for the work done, but also uses the work as a point of departure for the purpose of inspiring the coming generations. This is the only appearance of Ferguson in *The Quarterly Review* and the effect he produces is one of scholarly procedure throughout. He makes his usual digressions, but they are interesting digressions.

He points out a difficulty in translating the Irish in a satisfactory manner which may well be an acknowledgment of his own troubles. In this respect he is a bit too dogmatic in that he infers that it will be impossible for a translator to grasp the raciness of the Gaelic language and transcribe it in a manner satisfactory to both the English and the original Irish. Some such work has been most acceptably done by Douglas Hyde and James Stephens. It is in criticisms of this kind that Ferguson unconsciously sets his own limitations.

ON THE DIFFICULTIES ATTENDANT ON THE TRANSCRIPTIONS OF OGHAM LEGENDS, AND THE MEANS OF REMOVING THEM.

November 14, and December 12, 1870 and January 9, January 23, and February 13, 1871. *Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy*, Vol. 1. Second Series, Polite Literature and Antiquities, pp. 30ff.

A good piece of methodology. Ferguson is so conversant with the problem of transcribing Ogham writing that he understands

exactly what difficulties will be met with, and the nature and degrees of the resulting errors. His sympathy toward the student of this kind of work is impressive to a pleasing degree. It is of interest to me that Ferguson includes, and apparently approves the definition of Ogham writing laid down by Graves, Bishop of Limerick, namely:

> I. That Ogham was not a primitive alphabet intended for common use, but an artificial and cryptic one invented by persons certainly acquainted with Latin and probably with the Runic Alphabet.
>
> II. That Ogham inscriptions were not intended to be easily read and understood, even at the time when they were put upon the monuments.

I hold this essay to be of great value to philologists. In this respect, I regard it as one of Ferguson's most significant contributions.

Congal, A Poem in Five Books.

Dublin, 1872. Second Edition, Dublin, 1893.

Congal is an Irish epic of fundamental passions. It is written in the Homeric mode. Out of mingled legend and history comes the story. It is principally concerned with the Battle of Moira, fought in the 7th Century between Congal Claen, of Ulster, and Domnal, High King of Ireland. This battle is the last stand paganism made before the advancing Christianity. The poem presents much social material which, if we may rely on Ferguson's splendid notes, is accurate. The work was widely acclaimed in both Europe and America. It is obvious to me, however, that it was the uniqueness of the material and the great length of the piece which won the attention that it attracted. The poem proceeds in a lumbering fashion, attended by high sounding words and poor rime. Critics have pointed out many memorable figures throughout the work, but, such as they are, they existed in ready-made form for him in the original story.

The entire epic shows to me a lack of dramatic values. Far too much effort has been wasted on studying the material and sifting it for a Victorian audience. Further, too much time has been spent on riming couplets. The fact is that this scheme fails to

permit that elasticity which an epic sorely needs. Comparing this work with that of Milton, we find *Congal* to be only of amateurish grade. I believe that the material is as valuable as Milton's, but the form and articulation are the work of an industrious though not poetic soul.

Congal is hard to read. It fails to hold the interest. It demands scrupulous attention. I cannot place it so high as did Ferguson's contemporaries.

On Ancient Cemeteries at Rath Croghan and Elsewhere in Ireland.

February 26, 1872, *Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy, Polite Literature and Antiquities*, Second Series, Vol. I, p. 114.

Ferguson is Vice-President of the Academy now. Again he gives us a scholarly presentation of evidence and testimony that serve to warn us against attributing too great an age to the several alleged burial places of the pagan Irish kings, such as Kileen Cormaic, Cloghan Mor, The Hill of Usnach, and Relig-na-ree in Rath Croghan.

On Some Evidence Touching the Age of the Rath Caves.

April 22, 1872, *Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy, Polite Literature and Antiquities*, Second Series, Vol. I, p. 129.

This comment is in the same laborious vein with the previous research work. Ferguson, in quoting from Dr. Neilson's grammar, hits upon an interesting dialogue in setting forth the common knowledge of the rath caves. This marks the first time he has introduced anything of the human touch into his research.

On Some Links in the Chain of Connexion Between the Early Populations of Asia and Central America.

May 13, 1872, *Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy, Polite Literature and Antiquities*, Second Series, Vol. 1, p. 137.

Our author is not on familiar ground here. He is less engaging, less sure of himself. He does not impress me as having much first-hand knowledge on the subject.

Oghamica.

Dublin, 1873, is the date of publication. It was written November 11, 1872.

This is a reprint of a letter to J. G. A. Prim, Esquire. It has many illustrations from the journal of the Royal Historical and Archaeological Association. I found no reference to this in any bibliography of Ferguson. I came upon it accidentally in the New York Public Library. The copy I read had been sent by Ferguson to Dr. Graves, the Lord Archbishop of Limerick.

This book is a description of certain casts of stones bearing Ogham inscriptions. No definite statements are made, and what conjectures are introduced are well surrounded with scholarly advice.

On Paper Casts of Ancient Inscriptions in the Counties of Galway and Mayo. Exhibited and Presented on the Part of Mr. Burchett.

November 30, 1872, *Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy, Polite Literature and Antiquities*, Second Series, Vol. 1, p. 257.

Ferguson is merely the presenter of and the commentator upon a series of casts made by Mr. Burchett. The comments are illustrative of Ferguson's familiarity with the work already done on the stones from which these casts were taken. He is happy to think that these casts offer testimony in support of the work done by Petrie, Todd, and Sir William Wilde.

On the Ogham Inscribed Stone on Callan Mountain, County Clare.

February 10, 1873, *Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy, Polite Literature and Antiquities, Second Series*, Vol. 1, p. 160.

In presenting this paper, Ferguson takes into consideration certain customs of the Irish people. This familiarity with tradition and custom, and this apt and clever use of that information, reveal the training and wisdom of the writer. The matter of this entire paper aims to vindicate two scholars, Flanagan and Lloyd, who had long been under a cloud.

On the Evidences Bearing on Sun Worship at Mount Callan, County Clare.

April 28, 1873, *Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy, Polite Literature and Antiquities*, Second Series, Vol.1, p. 265.

This paper was both entertaining and instructive. For the major part of his evidence, Ferguson draws upon Brian O'Looney. O'Looney is not dogmatic in his statement that there was no Sun Worship on Mount Callan. He suggests several things that might have occurred there, savoring of Sun Worship. Now, Ferguson, with O'Looney's contribution before him, and other valuable evidence as well, *chief* of which is the persistence of a tradition, fails to determine whether there was, or was not, Sun Worship.

To be sure it would be hard to dogmatize on what evidence he had, but at least the man could have drawn a substantial conclusion from which we could make a sally, one way or the other.

On the Completion of the Biliteral Key to the Values of the Letters in the South British Ogham Alphabet.

November 29, 1873, *Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy, Polite Literature and Antiquities*, Second Series, Vol. 1, p. 176.

Ferguson here proposes a question which he holds worthy of the consideration of scholars. Were the Ogham texts imparted to the Irish by the South Britons, or to the South Britons, by the Irish? Are these texts, or some of them, pre-Augustinian and pre-Patrician respectively; or are the memorials in both countries evidence of Irish religious zeal of the 6th and succeeding centuries?

No answer is offered to these questions. Ferguson inclines to the belief that the widespread existence of Ogham stones indicates the presence of a family, The Maqi Decod (a) in the places where the stones have been found. Such a family might be a family in religion.

On the Collateral Evidences Corroborating the Biliteral Key to the South British Ogham Alphabet.

December 8, 1873, *Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy, Polite Literature and Antiquities*, Second Series, Vol. 1, p. 181.

In this paper, Sir Samuel tells of the completion of his quest for the stone that will supply all the biliteral information sufficient to make up a composite Rosetta process. The procedure with which Ferguson outlines his work impresses the reader with the soundness of the man.

A Letter: On an Ogham Inscribed Stone from Mount Music, County Cork.

February 23, 1874, *Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy, Polite Literature and Antiquities*, Vol. 1, Second Series, p. 192.

An Argument of great length over one philological detail. No decision is reached. The paper shows, above all, the man's zeal and industry.

On a Recently Discovered Ogham Inscription at Breastagh, in the County of Mayo.

June 8, 1874, *Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy, Polite Literature and Antiquities*, Second Series, Vol. 1, p. 201.

This account serves to call the attention of the Academy to the fact that new sources of Ogham Study are continually being turned up but that none, as yet, has solved the riddle as to who inscribed these stones.

Epistle to the Reverend Dr. Quarry.

Written about 1874 and published only in Lady Ferguson's "*Life*".

In this poem we have Ferguson, the Scientist, writing blank verse in the mode of the dilettante. There is always something singularly characteristic about a man who carries on a correspondence in verse. Whether he be a lover writing to his lady or a scientist writing to a scientific friend, the man who uses poetry as a medium of expression is invariably trying to attract attention to himself.

In this epistle the blank verse is none too good.

On an Ogham Inscribed Stone (Number 1) at Monatoggart, County Cork.

November 9, 1874, *Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy, Polite Literature and Antiquities*, Second Series, Vol. 1, p. 207.

In this paper, Sir Samuel suggests a solution for the difficulty in reading a particular Ogham stone. The solution leads to a plausible conclusion to which no one, as yet, has taken objection.

On Further Ogham Inscriptions Discovered at Monataggart, County Cork.

December 14, 1874, *Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy, Polite Literature and Antiquities*, Second Series, Vol. 1, p. 292.

A paper that sets forth the fact that two more Ogham stones have been raised at the Monataggart. They will throw additional light on Ogham research.

Additional Note on Ogham Inscriptions at Monataggart, County Cork.

January 25, 1875, *Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy, Polite Literature and Antiquities*, Second Series, Vol. 1, p. 295.

Ferguson reads, in this paper, a letter from Dr. Graves, Lord Bishop of Limerick. In this letter, Graves establishes one more Ogham word. Ferguson welcomes this word into the Ogham vocabulary. On the same day and date, but recorded on page 303 of the above reference, Ferguson has a letter on:

An Ogham Inscription at Mullagh, County Cavan.

In this letter, Sir Samuel hails the stone mentioned with great eagerness for it is the first one ever to be found in the North-Eastern part of Ireland.

Report to the Council from the Committee of Polite Literature and Antiquities on Inaccuracies of Transcriptions Alleged to Exist in the Academy's edition of Leabhar n-Uidhri.

Dublin, May 29, 1875, John R. Gartsen.

This small book, seven pages only, was supposed to have been taken from the minutes of the Royal Irish Academy. I could not find any reference to them at that date, or even thereabouts. Yet, since I saw this edition and noted all of Ferguson's characteristics in it I must include it in his list of works.

On the Alleged Literary Forgery Respecting Sun-Worship on Mt. Callan.

November 5, 1875, *Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy, Polite Literature and Antiquities*, Second Series, Vol. 1, p. 315.

Here Ferguson steps up to the bar to defend the long dead Theodore O'Flanagan against the imputations of Dr. O'Donovan and Eugene O'Curry. O'Donovon and O'Curry, Ferguson's close friends, allege that O'Flanagan concocted out of the whole cloth those verses in the poem, *The Battle of Garvia*, which refer to Sun Worship on Mount Callan. Sir Samuel is at his legal best, but actual proof is not available in sufficient amount to lead him to make a convincing conclusion.

To Amabel Mary Guinness.

About 1875.

Six lines written in Stone's, *Book of Flowers*, which Sir Samuel sent to Miss Guinness.

On the Ceremonial Turn, Called Desuil.

June 12, 1876, *Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy, Polite Literature and Antiquities*, Second Series, Vol. 1, p. 355.

Desuil, in Irish, means: turning to the right, or right-hand wise. In this paper, Sir Samuel draws copious comparisons between the Irish customs and the customs found in the Classics.

To Mr. Butt.

November 13, 1876.

A sonnet addressed to a man of honor and advantage who had been rejected when he applied for membership in the Royal Irish Academy. The poem is decidedly good, both in material and in form. It is quotable. Above all, it shows something healthy in the philosophy of the man who has lost.

To a Lady.

About 1876.

This poem was addressed to Miss Henrietta Guinness. It was inscribed in a volume of Edward Dowden's verse. It contains a philosophical comment on the flow of grace from God to man. The rime is greatly strained.

Dear Wilde.

1876.

Seventy lines of verse very much reminiscent of Gray, in both meter and motive. In form, the poetry is good. The material, however, is somewhat cataloguic. Again Ferguson shows as much enthusiasm for the work the man accomplished as he shows for the man himself. In the struggle to keep the poem in rhythm, Ferguson has had to resort to illogical inversion of rhetorical order. He has given us one good swinging line in this poem:

The green grass of Roscommon will grow on.

The Widow's Cloak.

December 1877, *Blackwood*, Vol. 122, p. 742.

In a way, this poem may be called an attempt at artistic creation. We have thirteen stanzas of good swinging measure dedicated to the proposition of making Victoria a sublime, statuesque, charitable, democratic, and widely loved monarch. It can't be done. Even at his best, Ferguson could not do it. Yet in this attempt we are able to see what might have been a source for one of Kipling's inspirations: *The Widow of Windsor.*

This poem, more than any other, shows how far Ferguson was removed from spiritual contact with his Irish contemporaries. Even his friend, Allingham, had little liking for the subject matter.

The Gascon O'Driscol.

May 1878, *Blackwood*, Vol. 123, p. 545.

A ballad in the Irish fashion. The narrative moves along rapidly as it does in the original which suggested it. Ferguson is not adroit at handling the Irish refrain. His introductory note tells of the skill of the Gaelic ballad writers in reducing the detail

to a minimum. In very few cases has Sir Samuel caught that habit.

PAUL VERONESE.
June 1878.

This sequence of three sonnets was written to the memory of the Marquis Carlotti. These sonnets reflect a good portion of Ferguson's feeling for painting. The man strains so for rime that he simply could not have read this over and let it go to the printer, yet he did include it in his 1880 Poems. What could be worse than the first four lines:

> Paul, let thy faces from the canvas look
> Haply less clearly than Pietro's can,
> Less lively than in tints of Titian,
> Or him who both the bay-wreath-chaplets took.

THE LITTLE MAIDEN.
1878.

Eleven six-line stanzas as nearly perfect as anything Sir Samuel has ever done. The material is poetic, the expression is poetic.

ON A PASSAGE IN THE CONFESSIO PATRICII.
April 28, 1879, *Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy, Polite Literature and Antiquities*, Second Series, Vol. 2, p. 1.

This is a discussion over one word. The word appears in the Folio 23, r, Col. 1, line 19, as: *agallias*. In the Bodleian manuscript, the word is: *exgalliae*. In the Book of Armagh, the word appears as: *exagallias*. Ferguson establishes the word to signify; legacy, bequest, or inheritance.

ON A PASSAGE IN THE CONFESSIO PATRICII, NUMBER 2.
June 23, 1879, *Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy, Polite Literature and Antiquities*, Second Series, Vol. 2, p. 15.

In this paper, Sir Samuel considers two sentences from the Book of Armagh. By selecting certain words, such as: *itaque*, and *Cogitavi*, and commenting on their peculiar use in the text, Ferguson draws a conclusion that St. Patrick's Latin sentences

belonged to some Celtic dialect, not unlikely to be found among the Britons of Strath-Clyde.

THE MORNING'S HINGES.

Poems, 1880.

This verse may be said to reflect Ferguson's religious belief. His early God is stern and fearful, but Sir Samuel mellows and grows hopeful toward the close. It can hardly be said that this poem has been inspired. The title which is reflected in the first line appears to have little significance to the poem. The work is filled with false rimes.

BIRD AND BROOK.

Poems, 1880.

At the first reading one would consider this work, too, a religious poem, but on careful scrutiny one finds but eighteen stanzas of words. I tried to read into it an attempt on Ferguson's part to become articulate in the face of nature. If that were the case, then the attempt was made in vain. Much better had Sir Samuel dwelled on his own line:

Silence is the speech of awe.

This poem suggests either a modesty or a complex, but, like so much of his work it offers no solution. There are some very bad rimes in this.

THREE THOUGHTS.

Poems, 1880.

Undoubtedly this religious poem indicates something of the spiritual struggle going on in the man's life. I feel that he is trying to tell us that sweet thoughts and pure thoughts will not come into one's life, until holy thoughts have long resided there.

Again he reveals no ear for sound.

THREE SEASONS.

Poems, 1880.

A religious song sung in the spirit of meekness and self-effacement. This poem is practically free from any imperfections.

Ferguson is seventy now. He is looking into his life for material of a poetic nature. He has lived too close to the rule of thumb to hope to find that flare which enters lives which resisted to the death the crushing conservatism of the world.

TWO VOICES.

Poems, 1880.

The voice of a man who feared God and shunned evil. An introspective dialogue between the conscience and the soul. It is of the Owl and the Nightingale type, but it lacks all dramatic values. It sets forth an argument against scepticism, which is ably defended by a casuistic soul. Properly and according to the rule the casuist submits in the end.

The meter is irregular, which is not at all harmful, but the work somehow lacks the perfect swing. One bit of platitudiness philosophy survives:

Give thy whole thought to the thing in hand.

THE HYMN OF THE FISHERMAN.

Poems, 1880.

Lady Ferguson tells us that this was written after a surmounted danger. The circumstances recorded make her statement a little exaggerated. Nevertheless, the poem does present a real upswinging prayerful hymn in four stanzas. To me the most interesting thing about it is, that it is free from irregularities that mar.

NATURE'S TEACHINGS.

Poems, 1880.

There was once a well established theory abroad, to wit: Love of scenic beauty and enjoyment from its contemplation were sentiments unknown to the ancients. In this poem, Ferguson refutes that argument. He holds that the aesthetic influences of Christianity and the poetry of the classics were not the only sources of inspiration leading to the love of scenic beauty and moral contemplation.

THE TWINS OF MACHA.

Poems, 1880.

Back to the Irish Legend. The story is an old one. Ferguson tells it in a fast moving narrative. Many primitive peoples have a superstition that during the period of gestation the father suffers pains akin to those the mother must bear. This story deals with the Irish source of that belief. Again, this narrative illustrates the clean attitude of mind Ferguson invariably takes to all pagan lore. In its original, the story is most repulsive. Ferguson puts it in an acceptable Victorian dress.

FERGUS WRY-MOUTH.

Poems, 1880.

The author has suddenly dropped into cryptic narrative, hence the introduction which he gives to this poem is essential, as well as illuminating. Ferguson's transitions are most elusive. Years and important phases of the years are covered in a few lines. The meter is acceptable throughout.

MESGEDRA.

Poems, 1880.

When Sir Samuel is at his best in the Irish Legend, he is invariably attracted by moral, religious, or humane ideas. Thus this well-told story treats of: The old expectancy of Christ to come. From his most informatory introductory note, through to the end of the sixty-fourth stanza, this work is remarkably free from mannerism and excrescences.

CONARY.

Poems, 1880.

It must always be remembered that Ferguson found his material for the stories of Irish Myth in manuscript form. Our criticism of him must concern itself mainly with his reworking of this material. In this respect I am inclined to agree with W. B. Yeats who says that *Conary* is the best Irish poem of any kind.[2]

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[2] *Cf.* Introduction, *A Book of Irish Verse Selected from Modern Writers*, W. B. Yeats, London, 1895.

I think that it is the best that Ferguson has done. It limps less than any other, and, since it is in blank verse, Ferguson does not have to strain for rimes.

Above all this, the poem has social value. Here we see clearly the hand of the antiquary. Ferguson has made good use of his antiquarian knowledge in recasting for us this material. His notes make the story a reality. His method here is far more epic than that which he used in *Congal*. His cataloguing is perfect, though at times wearisome. When Ferguson chose this subject as the theme of an epic he made a choice of utmost importance to Anglo-Irish literature. He could easily have gone into the field of Arthurian Romance which was then enjoying a revival, but in reworking the Red Branch stories, he followed out the ideal he set forth in 1837. In doing this he opened up the pathway for the real poets who were to follow. Thus in this poem, and in its mates in this volume, Ferguson put his finger on the pulse of a national literature.

The Naming of Cuchullin.

Poems, 1880.

This *Lay of the Western Gael*, rich in dramatic power, is adequately handled here. Ferguson has never developed that power of characterization which only can remove heroic figures from mere shadows. Then, too, he is somewhat lost in dealing with the quick transitions one finds in the old stories. The old bards would sweep from scene to scene as by a blast. Ferguson does not appear to be able to catch his balance after such a blast. He does not make the reader feel aware of the blast. Too frequently must the reader go back to see just when the change took place. When we recall that Ferguson wrote for the eye and not the ear, this criticism is not out of place.

Deirdre

P. Roe, Dublin, 1880. Later collected with other verse in *Poems*, 1880.

I have mentioned earlier that Ferguson came into contact with the Deirdre material in 1834. His first efforts were at transcriptions of two of the songs Deirdre sang. In 1880 he produced this

finished work which he called, a monodrama. He called this a monodrama, in so much as, though the actors are more than one, the action is unbroken and the principal figures remain in sight throughout. The story moves in one progressive scene from Glen Etive to the inferno around the Red Branch House.

Perhaps it is fortunate that he chose this form for he knew his limitations, and this form kept him from attempting the impossible. As a result we have the story told here, as nearly as possible to the way the bards told it in the days gone by.

Ferguson's outstanding feat in this old epic is the manner in which he handles the transitions. Heretofore he has been careless in his transitions. Now, vast spaces and long periods of time are covered quickly, suggestively, and dramatically. The dramatic element came from the story, and not from the poet. His narrative skill shows pronounced improvement. Moreover, his characterizations of Nasi and Deirdre are acceptable, but his neglect of the minor characters and of Fergus is a manifest shortcoming. His blank verse is bad. It is very bad in the beginning, but as the story develops it improves. In the early part, the verse, with its end stop lines, offers little to hope for. Toward the end, he does get some sense of rhythm and flexibility into it.

On the whole, the work is over-refined. It is pitched in a key inimical to the Irish Saga. I have commented on what I considered a degeneration in the quality of his adaptations when I was talking about his work with Hardiman. It will be always a cause of regret that his stilted tone has reduced this noble literature to little more than vitiated Victorian vagaries.

The story of Deirdre has been more effectively done by the poets of the next generation, by Yeats, Russell, Synge, and Stephens.

On Sepulchral Cellae.

June 28, 1880, *Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, Polite Literature and Antiquities*, Vol. 27, p. 57.

This contribution is in the form of a dissertation on the practice of erecting little churches over the graves of the dead. Some interest surrounds the use of the word *Kileen* (Little Church), as applied to a place of sepulture. The paper covers a wide range

of historical data and comes back again to the point of trying to determine whether these monuments, with their Ogham inscriptions, are pagan, half-pagan, or Christian. Ferguson draws no conclusion.

On this same day and date, Ferguson made another communication to the Academy (cf. p. 47, volume above noted). This is indexed under: *Fasciculus of Prints from Photographs of Casts of Ogham Inscriptions*. At this time, Sir Samuel presented to the Academy the fruits of his years of labor in Ogham writing. The gift was a series of photographs of the stones, a translation of the inscriptions, and a geographical description of the original locality of the monument.

On the Doorway of a Round Tower of Kildare.

November 8, 1880, *Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy, Polite Literature and Antiquities*, Second Series, Vol. 2, p. 91.

Ferguson goes carefully over some work originally presented by George Petrie. Critics, other than Petrie, have sought to establish this doorway as of a date later than the visit of Giraldus Cambrensis. Dr. Petrie's account gives it a date earlier than that usually set for the introduction of Romanesque decoration in Ireland. Dr. Petrie argued that either Romanesque style developed here earlier than archaeologists would be willing to admit, or that the doorway was built since the visit of Cambrensis.

Ferguson proves that the main part of the doorway was built when the tower was built. He deduces this from the fact that there are certain gabled canopy effects about this doorway which are known to exist in architecture of a more ancient date, but which are not known in any architecture of a date later than the tour of Giraldus.

On the Legend of Dathi.

February 13, 1882, *Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy, Polite Literature and Antiquities*, Second Series, Vol. 2, p. 167.

Ferguson, in this, wants to assure the modern reader that the man who wrote the glosses in Lebor na-h Uidhri was sticking

closely to fact and that there is topographical evidence to support what he said. This is a most interesting legend. I would like to see it compared with the last battle King Arthur fought, before he returned to Britain to die. A thorough study of this legend of Dathi would make an interesting contribution to the Arthurian Romance.

A Word With John Bright.

March, 1882, *Blackwood*, Vol. 131, p. 392.

John Bright was a Whig economist, loud in his clamors for Free Trade. Ferguson's poem is an old man's warning, more shaking of the finger and the head, than of good strong language. The strong denunciatory power of our poet has thinned out. This is his last appearance in *Blackwood*.

At the Polo Grounds.

May 6, 1882. Published only in Lady Ferguson's *Life*.

Sir Samuel writes of the feelings of the man who gave the signal for the murderers to strike in Phoenix Park. Although quite unintentionally, Ferguson has created sympathy for this fellow Carey.

The poem in blank verse is the best technical performance that he has given us. There is more characterization in it than in anything he has done. The work would rank high were it written around a subject that was worthy of the poet's pen.

One significant fact rises out of this poem. Ferguson, at the age of seventy-two, is still subject to the influence of greater minds. During the preceding few years he has been playing with Shakespeare. He has read him thoroughly. He has sought to improve on the dramatist by cutting out scenes and details he did not understand, and substituting original condensed versions. He is not the only man who has tried to improve upon Shakespeare, but I do believe that he is one of the few men who has incidentally improved his own technique through a conceited effort at working over the Master's plays. The plays suffered at Ferguson's hands, but the excellence of the Elizabethan's workmanship insinuated itself into his style.

Presidential Address Delivered Before the Academy on His Election to the Office of President of The Royal Irish Academy.

November 30, 1882, *Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy, Polite Literature and Antiquities*, Vol. 2, Second Series, p. 185.

This address is loaded with material most valuable to the students of Celtic Literature. The man interested in modern research will use to advantage this speech if he selects it for his point of departure. Ferguson has grown mellow. He appears here in the President's Chair as a genial, dependable, friendly adviser to the youth of the Royal Irish Academy.

The Curse of the Joyces.

December 15, 1882. Published only in Lady Ferguson's *Life*.

A denunciation of a body of over-zealous patriots who commit crimes against the sanctity of the British Constitution during the later years of Ferguson's life. The poem has nothing to commend it but strong language.

Shakespearian Breviates.

Dublin, 1882.

In this book Ferguson has "adjusted to convenient reading," twenty-four of the longer plays of Shakespeare.

As Ferguson grew older, he became the genial host to Dublin Society. The Reverend R. P. Graves, a most cultured Dublin clergyman, had inaugurated a series of Shakespearian readings among social Dublin. The several hosts would select a play and allot the various parts to their friends. In this way many profitable evenings were spent. Ferguson, who had been reading Shakespeare since 1869, hit upon the idea of cutting these plays down to two hours' reading time. Perhaps nothing the man has done reveals quite so much of his egotism and his self-assurance. In reducing these plays to a definite time allowance, Ferguson has ruthlessly sacrificed all that motivation which is so essential to character development in the drama. The absence of motivation has been a marked characteristic of all of Ferguson's literary work.

The following is a quotation from Ferguson's *Breviate:* Cymbeline. I offer this so that the reader may understand the method which Ferguson used.

> Ye lovely ladies, and ye men of might,
> 'Tis "Cymbeline" shall be our play tonight;
> But since at large to read the text were long,
> Our gentle Shakespeare will forgive the wrong,
> If I the fore-plot of the piece rehearse
> In lines foreshortened and shortcoming verse.
> Know, then, till perjured Iachimo appear,
> We all, tonight, are Ancient Britons here;
> And this room England, ere the English name
> And tongue of Shakespeare with the Saxons came.

This book was dedicated to Dr. Graves. In the dedication, Ferguson gives as much credit to Dr. Graves as he does to Shakespeare.

If we were to compare this work with the best of its kind, that of Charles and Mary Lamb, we would find that Ferguson was not equipped for the task.

On Some Passages in the Confessio of St. Patrick.

June 11, 1883, *Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy, Polite Literature and Antiquities*, Second Series, Vol. 2, p. 205.

In this paper, Ferguson takes up some additional difficulties in the *Confessio* and proves that they may be solved by looking for the Irishisms that such a man, thinking in Irish, would use when he was writing in Latin.

The aim here is to show the complete Irish, or Celtic, background of St. Patrick.

On the Kenfig Inscription.

February 12, 1883, *Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy, Polite Literature and Antiquities*, Second Series, Vol. 2, p. 347.

This paper, which treats of an apparent identification of the name, Merlin, on a stone in Wales, is an indispensable reference to students of the Arthurian Romance.

On a Mode of Sub-Aqueous Tunnelling.

December 10, 1883, *Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy, Polite Literature and Antiquities*, Second Series, Vol. 4, p. 78.

The material in this paper is entirely outside of Ferguson's field.

On Patrician Documents.

November 10, 1884, January 12 and 26, and February 9, 1885; *Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, Polite Literature and Antiquities*, Vol. 27, pp. 67ff.

This work was collected later and published as the *Remains of St. Patrick, 1888*. In this, Ferguson gives a translation of the two Patrician papers, *The Confessio* and *The Coroticus*, and edits them with his own comments. These comments are always illuminating, but as to their accuracy I do not pretend to be competent to judge.

The most valuable part of the contribution is a complete analysis of all of the extant Patrician documents. This includes a consideration of the seven extant lives and all the metrical versions that have grown up. The paper is indispensable to students of the Middle Ages and of Irish history.

I will cite some comments on this work from the Revue Celtique in Appendix A, under the name of H. D'Arbois de Jubainville.

In Carey's Footsteps.

February 18, 1886. Published only in Lady Ferguson's, *Life*.

This poem continues the lesson that the Master of blank verse taught Ferguson. The form and the technique are perfect. It is a great pity that he was not drawn to Shakespeare earlier in life. The central figure of this eclogue is a priest, he who might have prevented the murders of Phoenix Park had he but cautioned submission to British Rule. Ferguson weaves the beautiful philosophy of resignation, such as age alone can preach, into this poem. But, beautiful as it is, and Christlike as it is, it ill becomes the expression of him who would become the poet of a people sore oppressed.

In a few weeks Ferguson will take to his bed from which he will never arise. This poem must be considered the last piece of work that comes from his most active brain.

THE LARK IN THE PURE AIR.

I can find no record of the publication of this poem other than that noted in MacDonagh, page 18. I do not know where to put it but it seems to me to deserve a place here at the end of his work, for it signifies to me more than he intended to put into it. This could well be the lyric of his passing. Free now from all conventions, customs, and prejudices, the spirit of Ferguson can soar into the clear air and pour out its love for Ireland, a love that was handicapped and hedged in by *isms* and *ologies*.

I shall tell her all my love,
All my soul's adoration;
And I think she will hear me,
And will not say me nay.
It is this that gives my soul
All its joyous elation.

CHAPTER V

Ferguson, the poet, would receive but scant consideration at the hands of the sharp critic. I think he has violated every rule listed in the canon of good prosody. There is no doubt in the world but that he knew poetry when he saw it. But, whether he was indifferent, or lazy, or cock-sure of his own intuitive touch, is hard to say. This is certain; he never revised a poem after it once got into print. He probably regarded poetry as a natural outpouring, and he forgot that the poet must have a certain amount of cunning and skill to direct that outpouring.

That he has no fine sense of rhythmic consciousness is evidenced in the way he has cast his various themes in inappropriate measures. He seems to know nothing of that free and irregular English swing which sings itself into English ears.

Closely associated with rhythm is the element of stress. This element presupposes the fact that important words are to be put in stressed positions, providing always that those accents which are certain and definite are not liable to change. When Ferguson safely locates an important word in a stressed position he often violates the principle of accent. This results in some unacceptable pronunciations.

Perhaps in no other point does Ferguson so outrage one's sensibilities as in the use of rime. The extremes to which he goes in forcing rime words into a kind of relationship is enough to convince even the casual reader that the man must have been tone deaf. It is evident that he was not aware of this weakness, for he chose a rime scheme for all his extended work that would put an unbearable strain on any man's resources. If I were to enumerate these violations the references would cover all but four of his poems. He seldom ever wrote over fifty lines of aa, bb, verse, but that he violated this important canon of poetic art. May I add, that by no stretch of the imagination could his violations be considered as resolved rimes or near rimes.

In his choice of diction, Ferguson falls far short of the true poet. He has given us no words that blend with eeriness or witchery. There is nothing in his diction to emphasize the gulf between

suggestion and mere statement. He gives us no connotative words that fling up great vivid images.

Ferguson's use of stanzaic structure is the most artificial of all his poetic technique. It appears that he chose his stanza form arbitrarily, or it may be that he simply wrote down what came into his mind. The result is that very few stanzas show a single complete thought. Enjambment comes in so frequently that we wonder why he took the trouble to set off the lines into stanzas. Most surely he knew nothing of the pattern of the poem when he set out to write.

It would be manifestly unfair for me to judge a man entirely by his technique. Even though his songs did not burst from his heart, still, he worked in materials that had lain dormant for years, and it will be for his materials that he will be remembered. Ferguson wrote at first, as many of the English poets of his day were writing, with nothing at all important to say. The drift, then, was away from the essential and the perennial. Grace, simplicity, and originality were little thought of. But Ferguson turned from conventional English themes to Irish myth. His pioneering here led others to the same rich field. It was not as if he had written the last word on the subject. It was not as if he had cast it all into an unforgetable mold, as if he had given it the final touch. No! On the contrary, he was too much of a Victorian. Although he had an attraction for the Celtic nature, as is witnessed in his *Adieu to Brittany*, he was continually unable to understand the Celtic soul. The frank sensuousness of the Celtic tales, their cruelty, their patent immorality, their pagan philosophy, quite nauseated him. He felt that he simply had to reduce them to the terms of Victorian morality and customs. Other men, coming later, with more universal sympathy, with more cosmic souls, and evidently with more Celtic blood, took up the lode that Ferguson had uncovered, and have worked the raw ores into something precious and refined.

Ferguson did not have the skill to recapture moments of glory. He made draftsmen's plates of the old monuments of Celtic lore. He had no ability to work into the legends that suggestive power which carries the reader beyond the imaginable. This power of suggestion is commensurate with the poet's ability to use figures

of speech. Ferguson depicts rather than suggests. The only places wherein his figures flash out brilliantly were already figures in the originals from which he worked. Ferguson, essentially a man of the cold, scholastic type, could never aspire to anything beyond the hope of an appeal to the intellect. Of creative genius, that is the making of beauty for the sheer joy of it, he had none.

That Ferguson, in his day, was popular with the anthologists is evidenced in Appendix B. Of late years, however, he has been passed over by all collectors save those working in the Anglo-Irish field. The work these latter men have selected from him has been, for the most part, his translations.

The mention of translations brings a clearer light on Ferguson's skill as a poet. Two of his most famous translations: *Cean Dubh Deelish*, and *The Fair Hills of Ireland*, have been done by others. In all cases the work of the other poets deserves the preference. Dora Sigerson's, *Cean duv deelish*, is passionately human, while Sir Samuel's is politely formal. Edward Walker's, *The Fair Hills of Eire Ogh;* Mangan's, *The Fair Hills of Eiré O;* and George Sigerson's, *The Fair Hills of Eire*, are all superior in quality, spirit, and Celtic atmosphere, to Ferguson's translation of Donagh Mac Con Mara's original.

What can be said of Ferguson as a poet? In the face of all the laudatory criticism which I have put in Appendix A, I have to come to the conclusion that Sir Samuel was but a hard conscientious worker. A scholar who longed to paint in imperishable verse pictures and incidents which he first had to reduce to cold logic; then to remold in the conventions of his time and of his social circle. Conservative, cautious, plush-curtainy, smug, Tory, as he was, he could not step outside of his character, even under the light of his flare.

This much, however, he did do. He checked the flood of maudlin sentiment that welled up out of *The Nation*. He threw a cloak of dignity around the hitherto despised Celtic legend. While Tennyson was purging adultery from the Arthurian Romance, Ferguson was weaving a few halos for the neglected figures of the Red Branch Cycle, for the lonely figures of the Western Gaels. In doing these things he gave inspiration to the

coming generation, to the host of reborn Celtic writers. Though the younger men were to employ means which Ferguson deplored, still, his ends were their ends. In this respect he deserves a high position among the workers in Anglo-Irish Literature.

THE PROSE WRITER.

The business of setting down a standard of criticism for the prose writings of Ferguson, other than his reviews and scientific contributions, is a difficult task. His work defies classification. The nature of his material defies classification. His stories cannot be considered as one would consider a novel, hence, they must not be judged by the standards of the novel. No stretch of the imagination could make them short stories. As nearly as I can place them, I should say that they are merely the retelling of folk lore, old legends, and historical tales. They have something of the abruptness of the ballad rendition in them, but nothing of the masterly marshalling of characters with which we are familiar in Scott. They are overburdened with laborious dialogue and are couched in the tone of the Eighteenth Century.

In this case, as in the case of the poetry, one should find no fault with the material. Ferguson chose it deliberately, for the one purpose of setting before his contemporary readers the spirit and customs of the men of Ireland in generations gone. Indeed it is in his selection of material that he exerted his greatest influence. We will have to accept his material as the particular field of his literary activity. What we are now concerned with, however, is the presentation of that material.

The teller of a tale should be able, when called upon, to sketch in, by deft touches, the background against which the tale is told. So long as he is working in realities as opposed to the fantastic or the supernatural, he must endow his characters with a life-likeness that is acceptable to our logical understanding of what men and women are. The author, furthermore, must breathe into the telling something of the spirit which animated the people and the times he is depicting. What intrigue he introduces must be logical intrigue. It must have an air of probability. If he is to employ the element of coincidence, the coincidences must be such as not to strain too far our credulity. With these suggestions in mind, let us look at some of his prose.

In the matter of background, Ferguson showed great improvement from his first story, *The Wet Wooing*, through to his last, *The Siege of Dunbeg*. In the early numbers of *The Hibernian Nights Entertainment* he depended entirely too much on the accepted knowledge of the public in regard to the atmosphere and locale. In *The Involuntary Experimentalist*, his background motivated the resulting action; and in *The Siege of Dunbeg*, the background played a definite part.

In his reality of characterization, Ferguson never gave evidence of the least bit of improvement. The characters in *The Siege of Dunbeg* are just as impossible as those in *Nora Boyle.* The O'Neill in *Claneboy* never developed into anything more definite than a name. Not only did Ferguson lack the ability to create, but he also lacked the ability to sustain life in the somewhat life-like characters which he took from the Irish legend. The reason for this lies in his inability to sense what was fundamental in the old Irish heroes. Had he confined himself to the covenanted men of Ulster he would have done better. The motivating spirit of the Irish after the Anglo-Norman Invasion was a desire for freedom. Ferguson, although he made that discovery himself, always pictured that spirit as treason. When a man is not in sympathy with his characters he can do but little with them. Hence, though he protested his love for his material, he has left no figure in full relief, in triumph or despair, against the skyline of history.

When we think of the manifest necessity placed upon the author to breathe into his work that animating spirit of the days and the society he writes about, we find again Ferguson decidedly lacking. How completely Scott carries us into the very heart and domesticity of his characters. Never do we feel the innate pulse of throbbing Irish life in Ferguson's stories. Yet Sir Samuel was an antiquarian of no mean repute. In his critical essays he has given us in much detail the nature and the way of living among the Irish and the Invaders. To be sure, he had not gone far into his research when he wrote *Hibernian Nights*, but he had been widely acknowledged as an authority when he published *The Siege of Dunbeg*. The only excuse I can offer for his not giving us more of the spirit of the times is that he lacked the ability to reduce his

scientific knowledge to fiction. He was far too conservative, far too unimaginative, to sacrifice truth, when truth interfered with interest. To Ferguson, all that was true centered in the rights of the English as invaders.

The element of intrigue in all of Ferguson's prose work is banal. God and the machine are worked overtime. After reading *The Wet Wooing*, *The Forest Race Romance*, and *Nora Boyle*, one is convinced that the destinies of all the world are cast on high winds, raging torrents, and torrential rains. It is just too much to expect that, even in Ireland, where coincidences almost approach the fantastic, that so much of life is solved by the elements of chance and nature.

Certain of his stories are alleged to contain humor. It is unfair to judge the humor of one generation in another, three times removed. So much I will say: none of his humor is fundamental. All that he has written is the humor based on ridicule.

He has given us no philosophy of life in his fiction, just as he has left no quotable lines in his poetry. He has written page after page of prose without one redeeming lyrical passage. Nothing whatever of the soul of the man found its way into his stories. What more can be said? What more need be said?

THE CRITIC.

The personal element which enters so largely into all criticism must necessarily enter into any statement one makes of just what he would want a critic to be. The greater part of Ferguson's critical work was done for a journal devoted to literature and politics: *The Dublin University Magazine*. This organ inherited the notorious tradition for bias and partizanship that had been established by the *Edinburgh*, *Blackwood*, and *The Quarterly*. Any critic who would remain long a contributor to *The Dublin University Magazine* would write in the tradition of that paper. Then, too, we realize that a partizan publication will attract reviewers of that particular persuasion. Now *The Dublin* was rabidly Tory, strongly conservative, and eminently fitted to promote and defend the interests of the Church of Ireland. When we consider this we must make allowances for the decidedly restricted religious and political point of view of its critics.

The Critic, however, who never rises above the horizon line set

by his paper, the reviewer who is perfectly satisfactory to his editor, is invariably the man who follows in the wake of a movement, rather than in the van. Sir Samuel was such a man. That smug conservativeness I have mentioned before; that West Briton snobbishness I have pointed out, fitted in excellently with the anti-Whig, anti-Catholic policies of *The Dublin University Magazine.*

But let me hasten to Ferguson's defense in this respect. He brought to his work an abiding interest in Irish history and Celtic antiquities. He was firmly grounded in the fundamentals of historic research. He was honest and sincere, yes, he was scholarly in decrying the romantic and sentimental tendencies of Irish writers in compiling their histories. And, too, he was bitter in his denunciation of the antagonistic product of the English historians. No man has more clearly defined the middle course that historical investigation must take; and no scholar has been more accurate in laying the foundation for what will some day be the comprehensive history of the Celtic peoples in Europe.

Ferguson, in his reviews and critiques, proceeded by the eclectic method. He would pick out here and there and praise and destroy as the case might be. He seldom ever looked at the work in toto. If he did, he invariably damned it with small praise. He quoted largely and fairly, but many of his quotations were detrimental to his thesis. If he had one fault other than the handicap under which he labored as a contributor to the *Dublin University Magazine*, it was his proneness to judge the whole by a part. This fallacy, together with the unfortunate inclusion of harmful admissions, marks his critical work.

Once, William Skene savagely answered a Ferguson attack. Sir Samuel's reply was the best criticism he has done. It was a thorough argumentative refutation, point by point, of every objection raised by Skene. Such work compels our admiration for Ferguson's learning and ability; but it does not hold our interest.

The bulk of the critical work was centered in his remarks on books that dealt with antiquarian Ireland. Occasionally he stepped up to criticise writers like Lover and Mrs. Browning. I can find some justification for his attacks on Lover; but his

advice to Mrs. Browning is most pathetic. I am glad that Mrs. Browning ignored the advice.

To me, the most significant feature of all of his critical work lies in his digressions, which, at first reading, decidedly hamper the progress of his reviews. Weave these digressions together, and they will form the amulet, the mystic charm, that brought about the Irish Renaissance. It is here that Ferguson's is a voice crying in the wilderness of political unrest for a type of literature, endowed by dignity and scholarship, that will reveal the glories that once existed with the Irish People. Yeats must have heard these ideas discussed. Russell probably read them. The ideas were not original with Ferguson. He garnered them from Petrie and O'Donovan; from Eugene O'Curry and Todd. He absorbed some of the soul breathings of Davis. Then, when he had tempered them all to the tone of the Vice-regal Lodge, he sent them forth in a way to suggest to the younger men what could be done.

Remember this: the younger men did not follow in his footsteps. Ferguson would have none of the revival of the Gaelic language. He would drape the naked figures of the Saga with Victorian hangings. And O! what a longing he had for the Age of Queen Anne. He was unable to forecast the coming of a Synge or a Stephens. The Mysticism of a Yeats or a Russell savored too much of Rome to offer any hope for him. I feel sure that at one time he thought that Ireland's poet had arrived when his own *Congal* was so widely acclaimed. He could not have thought that for long; for his 1880 publication is one of the most unrepresentative volumes of Irish literature that came out in Dublin during his lifetime.

THE ANTIQUARIAN.

Ferguson's antiquarian proclivities carried him much further than the business of a collector, a genealogist, or a snapper up of unconsidered trifles. Early in his life he evinced a scholarly interest in the antiquities of the race. Early in life he aligned himself with the Royal Irish Academy. Early in life he began a study of the remains of Ogham writing. Before he had reached any definite success in his investigations of the Ogham inscribed stones of the British Isles, he had absorbed all the then known

material bearing on Irish Antiquity. His friendship with George Petrie led him into personal contact with John O'Donovan and Eugene O'Curry. These men were skillfully bringing together the work performed by amateur scientists during the previous hundred years. Later, Ferguson was closely associated with that persevering body of young men who gathered around the table of the Royal Irish Academy for the purpose of rescuing something out of the neglected past of their adopted country. Bishop Graves, of Limerick, Brash and Todd, and many others found their guiding influence and their corrective restraint in the inspiration of Ferguson. Nowhere does the generosity of soul, the magnanimity of character so stand out in Ferguson as in his relations with his co-workers in this phase of Irish literary history. No longer do we see the man of the *Dublin University Magazine* acidly criticising institutions and creeds. No longer do we feel the breath of the Tory dragon at odds with the man on the left. Anyone who had a contribution to make was given a hearing before the scales of scientific facts. It is most gratifying to see the erstwhile defender of the established order arise with well-prepared briefs in defense of scientific rebels. Ferguson, the apologist for the denounced, stands forth brilliantly in the Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy.

At these meetings, Ferguson's fairness was illustrated. One incident will serve as an example. Himself a lawyer, Ferguson read with avid appetite all that John O'Donovan had written on Brehon Laws. In 1837 he wrote a splendid exposition on the subject. In this he loudly praised O'Donovan. Thirty years later (in the meantime he had been trained in the Constitutional law of England) Ferguson read a paper which clearly stated the influence the Brehon law had on the English Constitution. This came at a time when it was the thing in England and in Dublin to sneer at the barbaric code that the Invasion had supplanted. In all this work, Ferguson paid high tribute to the industry and scholarship of O'Donovan. Yet, when O'Donovan later criticised the work of Lloyd and O'Flanagan, early pioneers in Ogham studies, Ferguson found fault with O'Donovan's conclusions and with his information. In a most scholarly way he defended the pioneers and in doing so, gently rebuked the man, then dead, whom he had previously lauded to the sky.

On Ogham inscriptions Ferguson worked long and tirelessly. Every vacation for thirty years he spent in examining stones that had been translated. He brought to this work a zealous industry, a scientific skill, a resourceful inventiveness, and a scholarly background. He did not live long enough to develop any definite conclusions as to who inscribed these stones and when. But he did organize the work and correct many errors then existing.

In the course of his investigations he uncovered material indispensable to him who will, in the future, write the History on Ireland. He set forth, without any element of challenge, certain stories of the Celtic heroes which should be studied by all interested in the Arthurian Romance. In fact, his scientific work is monumental.

Sir Samuel had hoped to make the masterpiece of his life a study of the activities of the early church on the Continent during the 5th, 6th, and 7th Centuries. To that purpose he devoted a large measure of his time when he was young. He abandoned that work because he felt that the superstitions which had flavored the theology of the Irish monks was unworthy of a scholar's investigation. This, I hold, is one of the few unscholarly decisions that he made in his whole scientific life. He was young then, and intensely biased in his view. In his older years, when mellowness had come upon him, he had outgrown that bias. His treatement of *The Confessio* makes me regret that he did not have the strength and urge of youth to go back to that work of his first choosing and carry it through to its fruition. The man who picks that subject up where Ferguson left off, will change the history of European Literature.

I cannot leave this phase of Sir Samuel's life without commenting on his vast antiquarian knowledge as revealed in the many and useful notes with which he has adumbrated his entire volume of work. His footnotes and explanatory notes are most valuable to him who would first sense the background of pagan Ireland. In none of this work is Ferguson dogmatic. In all of it he is helpfully suggestive, and, at times, he is frank enough to supply the critic with material enough to compel the critic to damn Ferguson for his inability to use the material to its best advantage.

One more statement and I will be ready to draw my conclusions. Ferguson, Antiquarian that he was, was no mere collector for his own sense of proprietorship. Everything of any value to the Irish historian of the future that he ever laid his hands on, he turned over to the Royal Irish Academy for its use in the library or museum. He did not work for the selfish hope of a season's fame.

CHAPTER VI

Now what can I say about the man that will be conclusive? As a poet, he does not deserve the exalted position given to him by the ardent admirers of his own time or of the generation immediately following. He will be best remembered by a handful of poems: One, a very bad one, *The Forging of the Anchor;* one, a very long epic, *Congal;* one, a very Celtic one, *Deirdre's Lament for the Sons of Usnach;* one, a very faithful one, *Connary;* and one very original one, *The Lament for Thomas Davis.*

I would wish that all his prose stories, save *The Hibernian Nights Entertainment*, and *Father Tom and the Pope*, were cast into the sea and forgotten. He had no taste for prose. No flare.

As a critic, Ferguson obviously suffered under the impost of a sharp, bitter, partisan editorial policy. If poetry be the revelation of the soul, then Ferguson's *Adieu to Brittany*, his *Confessio*, his essay on *Aran*, are refutations of all his Tory critical pronouncements.

As an antiquarian, a scientific antiquarian, Ferguson ranks with Petrie and Stokes as Ireland's great scholar. It is as an antiquarian that I would leave him with the public. For twenty years, not one issue of the *Royal Irish Academy* appeared without many testimonials of the man's greatness and inspiration. He who will write the Literary History of Ireland, will take his point of departure from the work of Sir Samuel Ferguson.

APPENDIX A

Under this heading I intend to list some comments and criticisms of Ferguson's contemporaries and of the critics who subsequently wrote on the Anglo-Irish movement in Ireland.

Allingham, William, Cf. *Cath. Magh-Rath*, Fraser's Magazine. May, 1875.

"It is not part of the plan of this paper to review *Congal*, to put it into the winnowing-machine of criticism, but to point to it as one of the works in recent poetic literature worthiest of being known and studied.

"The author is no untried man in the world of letters and the world of practical life. Samuel Ferguson, Q.C., LL.D., etc., . . . is a distinguished archaeologist as well as a poet. Though his poems are far less known than they ought to be, *The Forging of the Anchor* has long ago taken its place among classic English lyrics; . . . In this era of advertising and trumpet-blowing, he is one of those who have preferred to be private. At what time the public shall begin to recognize the place in English poetry of the author of *Congal*, and *Lays of the Western Gael*, is more their concern than his . . ."

American Cyclopaedia, A Popular Dictionary, Vol. 7, p. 465, George Ripley and Charles A. Dana, Editors. New York, 1868.

"His aim to elevate the standard of Irish Literature and to reprove the caricaturists of Irish life appears in his *Hibernian Nights' Entertainments* and his papers on Hardiman's Collection of Irish Minstrelsy."

Much of the introductory material in this article is not in accord with the facts.

Borlase, William Copeland, *The Dolmens of Ireland*, 3 volumes. London, 1897.

Although Borlase does not include Ferguson among the archaeologists to whom he pays tribute in his preface, he does mention him to advantage many times in his text, on the following pages: 79, 241, 242, 343, 401, 593, 641, 1171, and 1172.

On 242 he quotes from Ferguson, a description of an old "Menhir" in the County Donegal. In connection with this he says:

"It is of interest to note that Ferguson's drawing accorded more closely with the facts as revealed later by excavations than did his descriptions of the arrangement of the circles."

On page 1171 he compliments Ferguson on his judgment in enumerating correctly the number of battles fought when Dathi's soldiers were bringing home the body of the dead king.

Boyd, Ernest A., *Ireland's Literary Renaissance*. New York, 1916.

Mr. Boyd has been extensive and extravagant in his praise for the work of Sir Samuel. Following are some quotations: "With the arrival of *The Nation* the idea of Irish nationality had become a revitalized and living thing to so many distinguished Irishmen of the period whose training and circumstances would ordinarily have directed their minds in another direction. Of these, Sir Samuel Ferguson may be mentioned as he was later to appear as the most remarkable poet of this century and to share with Mangan, the claim to be the immediate forerunner of the literary revival. Ferguson has surpassed Mangan without possessing more than a tithe of his poetic genius. Ferguson's profound knowledge of Irish often enables him to succeed in a measure where Mangan has failed. Owing to the absence of inspiration to compensate for the lack of scholarship, Mangan's *The Fall Hills of Eire O*, is inferior to Ferguson's *The Fair Hills of Ireland*. Mangan has notes which Ferguson could never hope to reach. Mangan's fire is spasmodic. Ferguson's is steady, somewhat dead-level. Ferguson was a distinguished Gaelic scholar. His studies in archaeological research gave him direct access to the treasures of Ireland's ancient history and literature. Ferguson infuses his verse with that spirit as the reward of years of antiquarian labors. His work was not confined to literature, but covered the whole field of Irish culture, architecture, history, law, music and antiquities . . . He set himself to lay the foundation of a National literature worthy of Ireland as opposed to the aggressive patriotism of *The Nation* . . ." His published works "offered inspiration to return to the Irish legend which is so distinctive a feature of the Revival. This rendering in English verse of the Conorian cycle of the Red Branch history is the foundation of a new literature. Here for the first time is outlined the history of the House of Usnach and the mighty deeds of Cuchullin . . ."

Ferguson had to be "more than a mere translator. He had to divest the tale of extravagances and remold it to a homogeneous narrative. In the bardic romance, *The Battle of Moira*, Ferguson thought he found a subject suitable, hence *Congal*, a partial fulfillment of his original purpose . . ."

Ferguson "did not bring to poetry that concentration of purpose and jealous care for perfection of finish. *Congal* is marred by metrical weaknesses, clashing of consonants, and awkward caesurae . . . The roughness of composition is visible in his shorter poems. To counteract this, there is a vigor and a freshness . . . He lacks the delicate verbal effects but he had a grasp of the subject, a simple grandeur, and some genuine inspiration. His is the hand of the scholar rather than the hand of the poet. Sometimes the two were combined . . . He saw the past with the eyes of the scholar and he interpreted it with the mind of the poet . . ."

"His work was the key which unlocked the gates through which the stream of modern Irish Literature was to pass . . . He set free the Celtic spirit."

It is not necessary for me to point out wherein I differ from Mr. Boyd.

Boyd, in *Standish O'Grady, Selected Essays and Passages*, Every Irishman's Library, Dublin, No Date.

In the introduction to this work, Ernest A. Boyd calls Ferguson the "Father of the Literary Revival". He adds: "It is significant that Standish O'Grady should have frequented Ferguson's house without ever glimpsing in him the precursor of Ireland's Literary Renaissance, with whom Yeats and his contemporaries identified the author of *Lays to the Western Gael.*"

Earlier, Boyd says: "Samuel Ferguson had done something to preserve the poetry of the heroic period, but he was not gifted to the degree necessary for the inspiration of a great enthusiasm."

Brooke, Stopford A., *A Treasury of Irish Poetry*, Brooke and Rolleston, editors. New York, 1900.

"Mangan was the true precursor of the revival of the passion and thought of ancient and medieval Ireland. But the leader of the choir was Sir Samuel Ferguson, whose *Lays of the Western Gael*, 1867 (should be 1865) "established the Celtic movement . . . His restorations of the sagas of Ireland has made a new realm for romantic poetry, and given it fresh impulse and fresh subjects." A. P. Graves wrote the introductory life of Ferguson in this volume. He has not, however, added anything to what has already been quoted from him, under his name.

Brown, Stephen J., *Ireland in Fiction.* Dublin, 1916.

On page 86, there is some biographical and bibliographical material. "He was a noted antiquarian, but is best known as one of the best of our Irish poets."

There is an extended review of *The Hibernian Nights' Entertainments.*

Cambridge History of English Literature.

On page 360 there is a biographical note. On page 516 there is a bibliographical note which does not give all the information there is on his published works.

Colum, Padraic, *Anthology of Irish Verse.* Cf. Introduction, New York, 1922.

"After Moore there came another poet who reached a distinctive metrical achievement through his study of the music Bunting had published. This was Sir Samuel Ferguson. He took the trouble to learn Gaelic, and when he translated the words of Irish folk-lore to the music that they were sung to, he

created, in half a dozen instances, poems that have a racial distinctiveness. Ferguson had what Moore had not, the ability to convey the Gaelic spirit . . . ." Colum quotes the four following lines from *Cashel of Munster*:

> I'd wed you without herds, without money, or rich array,
> And I'd wed you on a dewy morning at day-dawn grey;
> My bitter woe it is, love, that we are not far away
> In Cashel town, though the bare deal board were our marriage bed this day!

Colum then comments: "Here is the wavering rhythm, the unemphatic word arrangement that is characteristic of Irish song, and some racial character besides."

"Ferguson's translation of *Cean Dubh Delis* makes one of the most beautiful Irish love songs. It carries into English the Gaelic music and the Gaelic feeling. The translation is, moreover, more of a poem than the original."

"Sir Samuel was the first Irish poet to attempt a retelling of any of the ancient sagas. He aimed at doing for the *Tain-Bo-Cuailgne*, what Tennyson was doing for the Arthurian Cycle . . . The figures of the heroic cycle were too primitive, too elemental, too full of their own sort of humor for Ferguson to take them on their own terms. He made them conform to Victorian rectitudes . . . It was to Ferguson that W. B. Yeats turned when he began his deliberate work of creating a national literature for Ireland."

Speaking of *The Downfall of the Gael*, Colum says: "The poem (in the original) is written in the difficult 'Deibhidh' meter, the dignity of which is not reproduced in Ferguson's translation."

de Vere, Aubrey, *Essays, Chiefly Literary and Ethical*. London, 1889.

"Sir Samuel Ferguson's poetry has a very special character of its own. . . . It would be difficult to find, amid our recent literature, a poem which at once aims as high as *Conary* and as adequately fulfils its aim. Perhaps its greatest merit, its originality, may discourage rather than attract those indolent readers who shrink from all themes except such as they are used to . . . More apprehensive readers can, however, hardly fail to be struck by the degree in which they meet, within a narrow compass, so many of the higher qualities of poetry . . . This work belongs to the "great" style of poetry—that style which is characterised by simplicity, breadth of effect, a careless strength full of movement, but with nothing of the merely "sensational" about it, and an entire absence of those unclassic tricks that belong to meaner verse. It has caught thoroughly that epic character so remarkable in those Bardic Legends which were transmitted orally through ages when Homer must have been a name unknown in Ireland . . . The specimens of Sir Samuel Ferguson's poetry here presented need no elaborate comment. Obviously its qualities are

those characteristic of the noble, not the ignoble, poetry—viz., passion, imagination, vigour, an epic largeness of conception, wide human sympathies, vivid and truthful description: while with these it unites none of the vulgar stimulants for exhausted or morbid poetic appetites, whether the epicurean seasoning, the sceptical, or the revolutionary. Its diction is pure, its meter full of variety; and with these merits, common to all true poetry, it unites an insight which only a man of genius can possess into the special characteristics of those ancient times and manners, which are so frequently its subject. His Irish poetry is Irish . . . by having the genuine Gaelic spirit in it. That spirit, like the Irish airs, its most authentic expression, has much of the minor key about it, and many 'shrill notes of anger' besides; but, alike with its sadness, its fierceness, and its wild fits of mirth, a witching tenderness is mingled: and all those qualities are largely found in Sir Samuel Ferguson's poetry . . . The author of these poems has added another string to the English harp—the Gaelic string . . ."

Dictionary of National Biography.

A very thorough sketch of the man's life and a complete outline of his work is found here. In addition the writer of the article has this to say: "He was not perfectly acquainted with the Irish language and perhaps this accounts for the fact that while sometimes giving the stories more beauty than he takes away, he misses something of the reality of the ancient life and seems to talk of a shadowy scene, and not the real deeds of men and women."

Dowden, Edward.

A letter written to Ferguson in 1874. Printed in Lady Ferguson's *Sir Samuel Ferguson, in the Ireland of His Day*, 1896.

"You say *Congal* has not been a success. I think, whether, in 'broad rumour' or not, a success it has been, estimated by the 'perfect witness of all judging Jove. A poem with epic breadth and thews is not likely to be popular now . . . What seems to me most noteworthy in your poems is the union of culture with simplicity and strength. Their refinement is large and strong, not curious and diseased, and they have spaces and movements which give one a feeling like the sea, or the air on a headland."

Dubois, L. Paul, *Contemporary Ireland*. Dublin, 1908.

"Thomas Davis and lofty thinkers of Young Ireland had, it is true, tried to infuse into Irish literature a really patriotic and national spirit; but though their influence is very marked in the lyric poetry of Mangan, in the Epic poetry of Samuel Ferguson, in the political poetry of T. D. Sullivan, or the revolutionary poetry of a Kickham or an O'Leary, their work was too soon interrupted to bear its full fruit."

Duffy, Charles Gavan, *Ballad Poetry of Ireland*, Dublin, 1845.

"Ferguson, Griffin, Callanan, Lover, Davis, Mangan, and Walsh, have taught the native muse to become English in language without growing un-Irish in character. They have fused the language and materials. Ferguson's ballads differ from Mangan's in that they are not reflective and metaphysical, but romantic or historical; not suggestive or didactic but fired with living and local interest. They appeal to the imaginations and passions, not the intellect. Their inspiration is external. They are colored with scenery and costume. They are ventilated with the free air of the country . . ."

Egan, Maurice Francis, *Irish Literature, Volume 5*, XIV.

"Who could color more heavily than Sir Samuel Ferguson in that wonderful *Hibernian Nights* of his, and who has been more unhappily forgotten."

Elton, Oliver, *Modern Studies*, 2 volumes. London, 1920.

Elton gives a fair, though generous, two-page criticism of Ferguson. He would like to see a whole book of Homer done in the manner of *Congal*. He admits that Ferguson hardly keeps up the excellent style, though his aim was to be Homeric. In Volume II, page 144, Elton says that Ferguson was a supporter of Young Ireland. Of course he was not.

Gaelic League Pamphlets, Number XXI. No date. The Irish Language Movement.

The Reverend Patrick Forde says: "Translations fall far short of the originals, yet translations from Irish poetry, especially that of the Penal Days get the highest praise as English literature, e.g. those of Walsh, Mangan, Ferguson, and Sigerson . . ."

Graves, Alfred Perceval, *Cambridge History of English Literature*, Vol. 14.

After including Ferguson with such men as Walsh, Mangan, Callanan, Whitley Stokes, and Standish Hayes O'Grady, in the group that brought a new impulse to the study of Gaelic; Graves goes on to note the more important steps in the man's growth. One criticism from Graves found in this volume, I will quote:

"Ferguson's tendency to act, at times, as a commentator on his own work and to present it, at other times, in a too ponderously Latinized form, as well as the careless, not to say bluff disregard for verbal delicacies into which now and then he lapses, are the only habits to which exception can be taken to his technique."

Graves in *The Gaelic American*, New York, 1914.

The article appeared on the three following dates, in Volume XI, as indicated: June 6, whole number 560, P., 5; July 11, whole number 565, p. 8; July 25, whole number 567, p. 8.

This article is a reprint of a speech Graves delivered in the City Hall, Cork, April 17, 1914. For the most part the material is a reworking of what Graves has already said or a collection of what others have said. I will include here only those comments which are unique.

"When Ferguson died I was very anxious to write a memoir of him and a memoriam notice in one of the leading journals to which I had contributed a good deal, and I sent a volume of his poems to the editor, and he said that he was very sorry, but that the technique of Ferguson's poetry was not up to the mark. But the memoir appeared in another journal."

Swinburne told Graves that: "*The Welshmen of Tirawley*, was the most remarkable ballad of its kind in the English language."

"Though at times over scholarly, and nodding now and then, Ferguson is always human, always simple, always strong."

Graves in, *Irish Literary and Musical Studies*, London, 1913.

Herein follow some unconnected comments on Sir Samuel:

"Versatility kept him from devoting his energies to his art."

"He was not one to regard the realm of poetry as another world detachable from this; a life mystical, non-human, non-moral, the life of the fairy or demigod. He was human and practical, broad and sympathetic minded."

"It was in his writing that was decisively begun the great work of restoring to Ireland the spiritual treasure it had sacrificed in losing the Gaelic tongue."

"Tennyson's finished work militated against the popularity of Ferguson."

"He was before and after his time, and he realized it."

"His careless or rough treatment of detail is carried off by the largeness of his conception and movement."

Concerning Ferguson's translations: "Edward Walsh has scarcely excelled Ferguson in this field. Dr. Sigerson and D. Hyde, though they come much closer to the original meters, rarely go past him in poetical feeling and passion."

Graves, A. P. in *The Irish Poems*. Dublin, 1908.

This volume contains comment much in the same vein as that I have previously quoted.

Graves in, *The Reciters Treasury of Irish Verse and Prose*. Edited by Graves and Pertwee, London, No date.

Graves offers nothing new in the introduction of this volume. He quotes largely from Yeats.

Gregory, Padraic, *Modern Anglo-Irish Verse*, London, 1914.

In this anthology, the poems of which are selected from living authors, Ferguson's work is omitted, since Sir Samuel was some twenty-eight years dead. One comment from Gregory, though, is illuminating.

"As for Ferguson, while he was the greatest Anglo-Irish poet of his day and indeed one of the greatest of the preceding or subsequent time, he never reached the full flower of his genius; his inspiration was chilled by his unsympathetic environment wherein most of his contemporary intellectual equals regarded poetry merely as a means to an end."

A History of English Literature, Revised edition. Moody, William Vaughn; and Lovett, Robert Morss. New York, 1918.

". . . It was not until 1840 that there was a definite movement for the creation of an Irish culture in English. Carleton, the Banims, Gerald Griffin, Mangan, Ferguson, Walsh, Callanan, Mitchel, and Davis were political and social writers . . ."

"Mangan and O'Donovan started to produce versions of the Irish bardic poems. This brought about a close connection between Celtic research and Anglo-Irish poetry. The most valuable poetry came from Celtic originals . . . Sir Samuel Ferguson treated the Ultonian or Red Branch epic as Tennyson was treating the Round Table . . ."

Kellner, Leon, *Die Englische Literatur der Neuesten Zeit, von Dickens bis Shaw*. Leipzig, 1921.

In treating of the Celtic Renaissance, Dr. Kellner mentions John Banim, James Clarence Mangan, and Thomas Osborn Davis separately. In the paragraph just preceding his critique of Yeats' poetic art, he says: "Die Arbeiten von Sir Samuel Ferguson, Standish Hayes O'Grady, Standish (J) O'Grady, Kuno Meyer, und Alfred Nutt, Douglas Hyde, Lady Gregory und anderen haben uns eine neue, selbst nach den Ossian-Dichtungen von Macpherson ungeahnte, freilich noch immer halb unverständliche Phantasiewelt erschlossen."

Krans, Horatio S., William Butler Yeats, and the Irish Literary Revival, *Contemporary Men of Letters Series*. New York, 1904.

"His volume of 1865, *Lays of the Western Gael*, is the most remarkable contribution of the Irish to the English literature. He conveys the absolute spirit of Irish poetry into English verse under the most difficult conceivable circumstances. He prefers the most simple structure and uses the most strictly Saxon words he can find . . . Careful and accomplished English critics could not reach the essential meaning of this poetry. Yet Burns was the rage—Burns'

dialect is as difficult as Chaucer's, while Ferguson rarely uses a word that would not be passed by Swift or Defoe . . . Ferguson's is, beyond question, the most thoroughly original vein of poetry that any Irish bard of late has wrought out . . . His specimens are few compared with what he actually has done . . . Ferguson aspires to be kindly Irish of the Irish, neither Saxon nor Italian."

Macalester, R. A. S., *Ireland in Pre-Celtic Times.* Dublin, 1921.

"Space would fail to tell at length of the work of . . . and of Sir Samuel Ferguson who devoted so much of the time which (he) spent on archaeology to the decipherment of Ogham writing."

MacDonagh, Thomas, *Literature in Ireland, Studies in Anglo-Irish.* New York, 1916.

"Yeats' constant use of *Danaan*, a form used by Ferguson before him, has fixed a new word in the English language. Danaan is impossible in Irish, which has *Dannan* (in Tuatha De Dannan) accented on the first syllable."

"Ferguson's, *Cashel of Munster* has the regular level fall of syllables indigenous to Irish verse."

"Ferguson is a poet of the Irish mode."

"Ferguson's Irish accent surpasses that of many of the patriotic poets."

"His music is subtler than that of Callanan."

"The most valuable and characteristic contribution to verse made by the Anglo-Irish poets, by Moore, Mangan, Ferguson, Hyde, and Yeats, has been a contribution of melody, a music that at once expresses and evokes emotion."

M'Gee, Thomas d'Arcy, *Irish Literature, Volume VI*, p. 2219.

Poem to the Dead Antiquary (John O'Donovan).

> Though happy still, by Liffey's tide,
> That mighty master must abide,
> Who voiced our grief
> O'er Davis lost . . .

Mason, Redfern, *The Song Lore of Ireland*, Erin's story in music and verse. New York, 1910.

"Many are the poets who have tried to give *Uileacan dubh Ol*, a worthy English setting: Sir Samuel Ferguson's version is generally accepted as the most faithful to the original."

Noel, Roden.

From a lecture delivered May, 1894, before the Irish Literary Society in London. This quotation is found on page 291, volume II, of Lady Ferguson's, *Sir Samuel Ferguson in the Ireland of his Day.*

" . . . The poetry of Ferguson is in one respect akin to the distinctively modern poetry of nature, though with a difference. He has entered into the mythological conceptions of nature common to primitive and pagan races, and has been able to express this so strikingly by means of that peculiarly modern poetic sensitiveness to the spiritual and psychical implications in eternal nature, which is a note of our own time. Ferguson's well-related groups of typical human figures stand forth solid and vivid from a background of appropriate scenery, as you find them in the classical poets."

O'Connor, Norreys Jephson, *Changing Ireland, Literary Backgrounds of the Irish Free State.* Cambridge (Mass.), 1924.

"The object of the founders of the Irish Literary Revival was to carry into English the charm of the older Gaelic literature . . . Ferguson retold several of the sagas . . . Ferguson invests his retellings of the old stories with the conventionalities of the Mid-Victorian Age . . . They had little scientific knowledge of the ancient language, particularly Old and Middle Irish, at their command."

O'Donaghue, D. J., *Poets of Ireland, A Dictionary of Irish Writers of English Verse.* Dublin, 1912.

Brief biography and a partial bibliography. Nothing of importance quoted.

Plunket, Horace, *Irish Literature*, Vol. 8, p. 2911.

"During the last century the spirit of nationality has found no unworthy expression in literature in the writings of Ferguson, Standish O'Grady, and Yeats, which, however, have not been even remotely comparable in popularity with the political journalism in prose and rhyme in which the age has been so fruitful."

Revue Celtique, Vol. 3, p. 483.

Over the initials H. G., the following appears: "Sir Samuel Ferguson s'est attaché tout specialement à donner une forme poétique ANGLAISE aux légendes et aux poèmes de l'Irlande celtique, et à faire pour son pays, en le disant, ce que Mac Pherson a fait pour L'Ecosse sans le dire. Le vent de la môde a tourné, et malgré leur merite et leur sincèrité, les poèmes anglo-celtiques de Sir Samuel Ferguson n'atteindront pas à la gloire des pastiches de Mac Pherson . . . "

In Vol. 7, H. d'Arbois de Jubainville in a criticism of Ferguson's *Confessio* goes into the work thoroughly. This following extract of his criticism is of interest in showing something of Ferguson's methods: "Sir Samuel Ferguson donne pour base à son étude sur la Confession l'édition donnée par M. Gilbert,

dans les National manuscripts of Ireland, de deux leçons de ce document. Ces deux leçons ont été fournies, l'une par le livre d'Armagh, l'autre par le Manuscrit Fell 1 de la bibliothèque Bodleienne d'Oxford. Il est regrettable que le savant auteur du mémoire dont nous rendons compte n'ait pas pu s'enquérir des autres manuscrits. Une notice de Schönemann, réimprimée chez Migne, Patrologia latina, t LIII, col. 800–802, indique dix manuscrits dont sept se trouveraient en Angleterre. On peut consulter aussi à ce sujet une note chez Todd, Saint Patrick, Apostle of Ireland."

Rooney, William, *Prose Writings*, London, 1909.

"The early versifiers following James Hardiman's, *Irish Minstrelsy*, such as Thomas Furlong, John Dalton, Henry Grattan Curran, and Edward Lawson are inferior, compared to Ferguson, who rendered the same pieces."

Saintsbury, George, *A History of 19th Century Literature*, New York, 1896.

Saintsbury makes a passing gesture toward Ferguson but says nothing of value.

Savage, John, '98–'48, *The Modern Revolutionary History and Literature of Ireland.*

Speaking of the Rebellion of 1848 Savage says: "The Protestants caught the patriotic flame and had formed a repeal association of which Samuel Ferguson, that noble poet, was the leading member and orator."

This information is misleading. Ferguson spoke only once before this association, as far as any records remain to tell us.

Sigerson, George, *Bards of the Gael and Gaul.* London, 1907.

"The spirit of *Deirdre's Lament for the Sons of Usnach*, has been admirably transfused in Sir Samuel Ferguson's version."

Speaking about the *Fair Hills of Ireland:* "Ferguson had but a fragment of the original poem. His noble rendering almost makes it complete. He does not give the exact measure and the internal rime of the original which are of literary interest."

Wakeman's Handbook of Irish Antiquities, 3rd edition, Edited by John Cook. Dublin, 1903.

This work quotes from a Ferguson article on *The Lennan Cromlech.* The author makes no comment on Ferguson's ability or reputation in archaeology.

Walker, Hugh, *Literature of the Victorian Era.* Cambridge, 1910.

"*The Forging of the Anchor*, (is) Ferguson's best known and best poem."

"It is presumably on *Congal*. a rhymed epic in five books, that Ferguson's admirers base their claim for him. But mere bulk without inspiration counts for little. His verse is usually commonplace and often gravely defective. Thus, even in *The Forging of the Anchor*, we have in a single line the intolerable jingle of 'ground', 'around,' and 'bound'. Two of them are part of the rhyme scheme, but for that very reason it was the more imperative to exclude the third. Again, although false rhymes are common enough, they rarely rival in atrocity the rhyming of 'opal' with 'bubble' in *By the Isis*. Clearly, Ferguson had a defective ear and was hardly the man to sustain himself through the long flight of an Epic."

Weygandt, Cornelius, *Irish Plays and Playwrights*, New York, 1913.

"Yeats had read Sir Samuel Ferguson, the poet, who had done most with the Irish legend."

On page 61 there is a reference to Ferguson in connection with the Deirdre story.

On page 109 there is a reference to Ferguson's, *Death of Dermid*.

Wood-Martin, W. G., *Pagan Ireland*, An Archaeological Sketch, London, 1895.

Concerning the use of stones for miraculous properties and for purposes of maledictions, "the late Sir Samuel Ferguson thus alludes to the latter object to which the articles were applied:

> They loosed their curse against the king,
> They cursed him in his flesh and bones,
> And ever in the mystic ring,
> They turned the maledictive stones."

"The Late Sir Samuel Ferguson wrote a most instructive article on the *Ceremonial Turn Called Desiul*. It, however, mostly deals with extracts from Classic writers; demonstrating that the *Desiul* was an act of worship amongst the Greeks and Romans for classical and gentile antiquity abounds with evidences of some kind of rotation forming part of the ceremonial of religious worship."

Yeats, William Butler, *The Bookman*, May 1896, p. 50.

Yeats has written oftener on Ferguson than any of the other writers interested in Anglo-Irish literature. He has, however, so frequently repeated himself that I will confine my quotations from his work to two of his writings. The first from The Bookman noted above. " . . . Enthusiasm for his poetry was the common possession of the Irish writers and students. They wrote and talked and lectured on his poetry. In a debate: "Who is the Na-

tional poet of Ireland?", Ferguson was voted the place held by Davis and Moore . . . Mangan had a more lyrical temperament, Allingham a more delicate ear, a more distinguished mastery over words. But Ferguson had his roots in Irish character and Irish history. He foreshadowed the way of the poets who would come after him . . . We forgave him his failures readily . . . Like all Irish poets his power of self-criticism was small and his failures many, because his faults were the faults of hardness and heaviness, the opposite to Moore's glittering insincerity . . . Those who had taken the popular side in Ireland had ruined a part of their work by didactic writing. . . . Ferguson lived among the professional condemners of the multitude . . . Heaviness crept into his rhythm and his language. This marred the barbaric power of *Conary* (still the most characteristic of his Irish poems) and made the Homeric imagination of *Congal* without avail . . . Because he lived his life among those who held in contempt the efforts of the rising nation, he was, at the time of the dawn of realization, practically without fame . . ."

The following group of criticisms I take from *Poetry and Tradition*, Vol. VIII of the Collected works of Yeats, Stratford-on-Avon, 1908:

"It was our criticism that set Clarence Mangan at the head of the Young Ireland Poets in the place of Davis, and put Sir Samuel Ferguson, who died with but little fame, as poet next in succession . . . Ferguson worked apart from politics, selected his subjects from the tradition of the bardic age. He with Allingham and Aubrey de Vere were wiser than Young Ireland in the choice of their models, for, while drawing not less from purely Irish sources, they turned to the great poets of the world, Ferguson owing much of his simplicity to Homer. Allingham was the best artist, but Ferguson had the more ample imagination, the more epic aim. He had not the subtlety of feeling of a great lyric poet, but he has touched here and there, an epic vastness, a naivete, as in the description in *Congal*, of the mire stiffened mantle of the giant spectre, Mananan MacLir, striking against his calves with as loud a noise as the main sail of a ship, when, with the coil of all its ropes, it beat the sounding mast. He is frequently dull, for he often lacked the minutely appropriate word necessary to embody those fine changes of feeling which enthrall the attention, but his sense of weight and size, of action and tumult has set him apart and solitary, an epic figure in an age of lyrics . . . Ferguson's poetry has more architecture and less meditation than de Vere's . . ."

May I violate coherence here just long enough to permit me to go back to some of Yeats' earlier writing to present the final picture which is as poetic as anything Yeats ever wrote? . . . "The author of these poems is the greatest poet Ireland has produced, because the most central and most Celtic. Whatever the future may bring forth in the way of a truly great national literature—and now that the race is so large, so widely spread, and so conscious of

its unity, the years are ripe, will find its mornings in these three volumes of one who was made by the purifying flames of national sentiment, the one man of his time who wrote heroic poetry—one who, among the somewhat sybaritic singers of his day was like some aged sea king sitting among the inland wheat and poppies—the savor of the sea about him, and its strength."

It might be well for the student of the Irish Renaissance to look for a moment at the other side of the picture, the great volume of writers who ignore entirely the work of Ferguson. I will add here a list of authors and anthologists covering our period and down to the present day who have made no mention of Sir Samuel in their works quoted.

Adams, William Davenport, Editor.
Dictionary of English Literature, Revised.
New York, No date.

Allingham, William.
Irish Songs and Poems.
London, 1887.

This is a volume of Allingham's own poetry, but he has annotated his work carefully, and in his notes he makes no mention of Ferguson.

Book of English Songs.
Mackay (No First name given).
London, 1851.

Cassells, *Book of Quotations.*
W. Gurney Benham, Editor.
New York, 1914.

Chambers Encyclopaedia.
Philadelphia, 1872.

Chilswell Book of Verse.
Robert Bridges, Editor.
London, 1924.

Class Book of Poetry.
John S. Hart, Editor.
Philadelphia, 1880.

Columbia Cyclopaedia.
New York, 1893.

Croker, Thomas Croften, Editor
Popular Songs of Ireland
London, No date. (about 1850.)

de Vere, Aubrey T.
Irish Odes and Other Poems.
New York, 1869.

This is a volume of de Vere's own work, with a preface. In this preface he makes no mention of Ferguson, although he talks about others in Ireland.

Drinkwater, John.
An Anthology of English Verse.
New York, 1924.

Eddy, Henry Van Dyke, and Others.
A Book of British and American Verse.
New York, 1923.

English Narrative Poems.
Fuess, Claud M. and Sanborn, Henry N.
New York, 1914.

The English Parnassus.
Dixon, W. Macneille, and Grierson, H. J. C.
Oxford, 1911.

English Poems of the 19th Century.
Walter Bronson, Editor.
London, 1907.

English Poetry of the 19th Century.
Elliott, G. R. and Foerster, Norman.
New York, 1923.

English Poetry, 1170–1892.
John Matthews Manly, Editor.
New York, 1907.

English Tales in Verse.
C. H. Hereford, Editor.
London, 1902.

Eriu
Journal of the School of Irish Learning.

French, Roy L., Editor
Recent Poetry from America, England, Ireland, and Canada.
Boston, 1926.

Gallery of Famous English and American Poets
Henry Coppee, Editor.
Philadelphia, 1873.

Golden Treasury of Longer Poems.
Ernest Rhys, Editor.
Every man's Library. No date.

Great Poems of the English Language.
Wallace Alvin Briggs, Editor.
New York, 1927.

Gwynn, Stephen.
Ireland.
New York, 1925.

Gwynn Stephen
Irish Books and Irish People.
Dublin, 1919.

Historical Ballad Poetry of Ireland.
M. J. Brown, Editor.
Dublin, 1912.

Kennedy, John M.
English Literature from 1880 to 1905.
London, 1912.

Kleines Conversationes Lexikon.
Brockhouse, Editor.
Leipzig, 1879.

Lang, Andrew, Editor.
The Blue Book of Poetry.
London, 1891.

Larminie, William, Editor.
West Irish Folk Tales and Romances.
London, 1898.

Last Words of Distinguished Men and Women.
F. R. Marvin, Editor.
New York, 1902.

Leahy, A. H.
Heroic Romances of Ireland, 2 vols.
London, 1905.

Lecky, William E. H.
Leaders of Irish Opinion.
New York, 1872.

Loth, Joseph,
Le sort et l'écriture chez les anciens Celtes Journal de Savants, 9 Année, 403–414, 1911.

MacNeill, John.
The Irish Ogham Inscriptions.
Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy, vol. XXVII, Section C, November 15, 1909.

The Magic Carpet,
Mrs. Waldo Richards, Editor.
New York, 1924.

Markham, Edward, Editor.
A Book of Poetry.
New York, 1927.

Meners.
Konversations—Lexikon.
Leipzig, 1875.

Methuen, A., Editor.
An Anthology of Modern Verse.
London, 1921.

Meyer, Kuno.
University of Illinois Bulletin, Vol. 2. Number 4.

Michigan State Board of Library Commissioners,
Poems Recommended for Reading,
Lansing, 1915.

O'Grady, Standish Hayes,
Silva Gadelica, A Collection of Tales in Irish, 2 volumes.
London, 1892.

The Open Road,
E. V. Lucas, Editor.
New York, 1899.

Oxford Garlands,
R. M. Leonard, Editor.
London, 1915.

Page, Curtis H., Editor.
British Poets of the 19th Century.
New York, 1914.

A Paradise of English Poetry,
H. C. Beeching, Editor
London, 1903.

Pierer, H. A.
Universal Lexikon.
Ottenburg, 1842.

Poetry of Peace.
R. M. Leonard, Editor.
London, 1918.

Rainbow Gold.
Sara Teasdale, Editor.
New York, 1923.

Real Encylklopädii.
Leipzig, 1852.

Renan, Joseph.
Poetry of the Celtic Races.
London, No date.

Stokes, Whitly and Windisch, W.O.E.
Irische texte mit übersetzungen und woerterbuch.
1880, no place.

Treble, A. H. and Vallins, G. H. Editors
Narrative Verse, Chaucer to Martin Armstrong.
London, 1929.

Walters, L. D'O.
Irish Poets of Today.
New York, No date.

Ward, Thomas Humphrey.
The English Poets.
New York, 1909.

Warner, Charles Dudley,
Library of the World's Best Literature.
No date.

Williams, Harold.
Modern English Writers, 1890–1914.
London, 1925.

Wood-Martin, W. G.
The Rude Stone Monuments of Ireland
London, 1888.

APPENDIX B

I would make a great mistake if I were to say that an author's skill as a poet may be measured by his success with the anthologists. And yet, something of his popularity may be learned from his record in the books of collected verse. It is not my intention to put Ferguson over against the best poetic minds of the time in any sort of contest. The only purpose I have in including this material as an appendix is to offer the student of Ferguson's verse an opportunity to see at a glance how his work was regarded by his contemporary and subsequent anthologists. To this end, I have selected such poems as have appeared two or more times in well known collections. I have not exhausted the list of anthologies by any means. I have considered those that came to my hand readily during the last two years. I have listed these in chronological order. Against this list I have placed twenty-four of his most acceptable poems. The results I now place before you.

A study of the above diagram will reveal a few interesting things. The early anthologists were intrigued by *The Forging of the Anchor*. The later ones have passed it by. That situation may be put down as due to the change of tastes in the modern generations. The anthologists from 1898 to 1916 selected Irish material in the ballad form. That was due to the fact that most of the collectors of that period were looking for Irish folk material. The recent anthologists have confined their selection for the most part to Ferguson's translations, save in the case of *The Lament for Thomas Davis*. These men recognize the value of the material over the poor technique.

Of the work I nominated as the five by which he will live, *Congal* and *Conary* are far too long to be considered for anthologies; *The Forging of the Anchor* is obviously losing ground; while *The Lament for Thomas Davis* is gaining the ground the former has lost; on the other hand, *Deirdre's Lament* makes a rather poor showing compared with the poems I held of less value. I see no reason, however, to change my opinion that *Deirdre's Lament* is the most perfect and the most Celtic of his translations.

ANTHOLOGIES			POEMS																											
DATE	EDITOR	TITLE	Fair Hills of Ireland	The Fairy Thorn	Forging of the Anchor	Cean Dubh Deelish	Cashel of Munster	Burial of King Cormac	Pastheen Finn	The Coolun	Lament for Thomas Davis	Pretty Girl of Loch Dan	Deirdre's Lament	Willy Gilliland	Aideen's Grave	Lament Over Timoleague	Boatman's Hymn	The Lapful of Nuts	Una Philemy	The Forester's Complaint	O'Byrne's Bard to the Clans	Mild Mabel Kelly	Molly Astore	Welshmen of Tirawley	The Naming of Cuchullin	Deirdra's Farewell to Alba	Totals
1845	Duffy,	Ballad Poetry of Ireland	*	*	*		*					*		*					*	*	*						9
1863	Dana,	Household Book of Poetry			*																						1
1873	Bryant,	Library, Poetry and Song			*							*															2
1878	Fields,	Family Library of British Poetry			*																						1
1882	Sargent,	Harper's Cyclopedia of Poetry			*																						1
1888	Whittier,	Songs of Three Centuries			*																						1
1898	Sharp,	Lyra Celtica	*			*							*										*				4
1899	Garnett,	Universal Anthology												*											*	*	3
1900	Brooke,	Treasury of Irish Poetry	*	*				*			*				*												5
1901	Q.—Couch,	Oxford Book of English Verse	*			*	*																				3
1903	Read,	Cabinet, Irish Literature		*	*				*					*					*								5
1904	Carman,	World's Best Poetry			*							*															2
1907	Welsh,	Golden Treasure of Irish Songs	*	*	*	*			*	*						*		*				*					9
1909	Cook,	Dublin Book of Irish Verse	*	*		*		*	*			*	*		*	*	*			*							11
1910	Hull,	Poem Book of the Gael				*	*		*	*							*										5
1913	Q—Couch,	Oxford Book of Victorian Verse	*			*	*																	*			4
1914	Gwynn,	The Fair Hills of Ireland						*																			1
1914	Palgrave,	Golden Treasury			*																						1
1916	Graves,	Every Irishman's Library	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	24
1916	MacDonagh,	Literature In Ireland	*	*		*	*		*	*																	6
1922	Column,	Anthology of Irish Verse	*	*		*				*	*																5
1925	Robinson,	Golden Treasure of Irish Verse	*	*		*	*	*			*		*					*									8
1927	Gay,	Riverside Book of Verse		*																							1
No date	Graves,	Reciters Treasures of Irish Verse	*	*				*			*			*													5
	Totals		12	11	11	10	7	6	6	5	5	5	4	5	3	3	3	3	3	3	2	2	2	2	2	2	117

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Note: In Chapter IV I have recorded the chronological appearance of each individual composition which came from Ferguson's pen. The bibliography immediately following is concerned with their publication in book form.

Congal, a Poem in Five Books: London and Dublin, 1872. Second Edition, London and Dublin, 1893. Third Edition, London and Dublin, 1907.

The Cromlech on Howth: London, 1861. Note: Lady Ferguson records this date as 1864, but my copy reads 1861.

Deirdre: a one-act drama of old Irish History: Dublin 1880. Lady Ferguson omits this book from her list.

Hibernian Nights' Entertainments: First, Second, and Third Series: New York, 1872. Second Edition (First European) Dublin, 1887. Third Edition (Second European) Dublin, 1897. Fourth Edition (Third European) London, 1904. Lady Ferguson omits the New York edition of 1872.

Lays of the Red Branch, with an introduction by Lady Ferguson: London, 1897.

Lays of the Western Gael, and Other Poems: London, 1865. Second Edition, Dublin, 1880. Lady Ferguson records the First Edition as of 1864. My copy reads 1865.

Preface to *Leabhar Breac:* Royal Irish Academy, Dublin, 1876.

Our Architecture: London, 1867.

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Poems of Sir Samuel Ferguson: Every Irishman's Library, Dublin, 1916.

Ogham Inscriptions in Ireland, Wales, and Scotland: Edinburgh, 1887.

Remains of St. Patrick: Dublin, 1888.

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